ALWAYS MERRY AND BRIGHT

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 130. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING APRIL 29TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 130. WEEK ENDING APRIL 29TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

HOW MEN LAUGH.

AND REVEAL THEIR CHARACTER.

"The loud laugh that betokens the empty mind" is an expression that must have been penned by a soured critic of his peers who never enjoyed a hearty laugh, and, what is more, it is a misleading phrase.

Many of the cleverest men have loud laughs, for the reason that their sense of humour is so irrepressible, and can find no other outlet. But a loud laugh that is all on one key, that has no flexibility, as it were, that is a laugh which shows that its possessor is not too well stocked in the brain department, as the shopkeeper might say.

But beware of the man with the soft, silent laugh. His laugh is not excited by anything humorous, but rather by some evil, almost devilish, idea which he knows will work for his own gain. In fact, it is not a laugh at all—it is a snarl.

The laugh we like is a hearty one—loud, maybe—but one which shows that its possessor is troubled by no qualms of conscience.

IS CHIVALRY DYING OUT?

A MATTER OF MANNERS.

Is chivalry dying out? To this question one can emphatically answer "No." In every man's heart there is still the same chivalrous, respectful feeling towards women as existed in the days of long ago, when our great-great-grandmothers spent their days in working embroidery, and knew no more about their husband's pursuits and interests than they did before they had even met him.

Chivalry is not dying out, but our attitude towards women has changed. What we have ceased to do is to regard them as helpless creatures, who must necessarily faint at the sight of a mouse. We realise that they are capable of becoming our companions, of sharing our interests, but this knowledge does not lessen our respect for them, or our regard for their weakness as compared with our own physical strength. We are still ready and willing to use this strength on a woman's behalf when occasion demands, and if she is at fault we are prepared to make light of her mistakes.

And is not the new attitude more conducive to happiness than the old? In fact, in these days when women go out into the business world and compete with men in the fight for a living, it is the only attitude that can exist. The old-fashioned chivalry, the ceremonious, deferential manner of our forefathers would be impossible in the world as it is to-day.

And women don't want it.

CHEEK.

Dr. Josiah Oldfield says that "Members of Parliament would manifest more courtesy in their debates if only they were fed wisely on more fat." But don't most of them, and especially the Irish and Labour M.P.'s, live on the fat of the land?

* * *

This reminds me that many of us were impressed by the opposition of the Labour Party to the proposed £500 a year for all Members of Parliament. It rather takes the gilt off the moral gingerbread, however, when one learns that by dint of combining lecturing and journalism with the duties which the working man pays them to perform, many Labour M.P's. make an easy £1,000 a year. If they were paid as M.P's., they would have to give their whole time to their Parliamentary duties.

* * *

"We rarely recognise him (a good man) when he does come in our midst; he is generally crucified."—Mr. Bernard Shaw. "G. B. S.," you will observe, still lives.

* * *

No, Clarence, it is not true that the latest "Answers" poster, advertising their new serial, is to be bought for the National Gallery.

* * *

The pampered aristocrat: Eton boys are in future to be caned over their clothes.

* * *

"Miss Megan Lloyd George, daughter of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, acted as Spring at a Welsh bazaar and Eisteddfod——." Now I know what upset the Clerk of the Weather.

* * *

Percival, you are most unkind and even unjust to suggest that Lord Northcliffe's real interest in promoting Standard Bread is that it enables him to sell the millers superfluous wood-pulp from his Newfoundland paper-mills.

* * *

English as she is writ. "There was more of the real goods to the square inch in this old village last week than in any other place on the map, and at every rendezvous the fans were in their might and merriment."—"Boxing." It would appear from this that the power of language was given us not to express but to conceal great thoughts.

* * *

The Dublin Corporation have refused to present a loyal address to the King and Queen on the occasion of their visit to Ireland. Don't forget that these disloyal gentlemen will shortly have the cheek to show themselves in London. A loyal reception awaits them.

* * *

Things we could do without, if necessary: Motor-cars that emit a noise like, (*a*) a person who is very, very seasick, (*b*) a lost soul in hell, (*c*) a cow suffering from colic.

"SIMPLE SIMON."

BOOK-CASE WISDOM.

SOME HINTS FOR BOOK-LOVERS.

If you buy a book-case or book-shelves, and especially if you buy them at sales and cheap, it is worth while paying attention to a few points that affect the condition of the books you will keep, and presumably try to preserve, upon them.

You will notice that in most of these book-cases the actual shelves (not the case or frame itself) upon which the books will stand, is often of very inferior wood, and that this wood is rough, full of small splinters, and quite unsuitable for leather bindings.

Before putting your books on such shelves have the rough wood made smooth, and give the surface as much polish as possible. This will prevent the lower edges of the books from getting rough and worn. It will also save much dust.

When taking down a book do not put one finger on the top of it and pull it outward. The leather will break or tear, and the back will be half spoiled.

ARMY MOTOR RESERVISTS.

THEIR DUTIES AND PAY.

In the words of the pay warrant: "Commissions in the Army Motor Reserve may be granted to such persons as shall, in the opinion of our Army Council, possess the necessary qualifications."

An Army Motor Reserve officer is liable to be called out for service either at home or abroad in time of national emergency, and when so called out is paid at the following daily rates:

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Lieut.-Colonel	24	0
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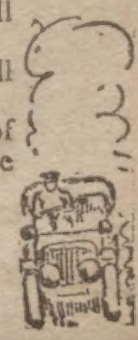
An officer of the Army Motor Reserve is required to be, or to undertake to be, in possession of an efficient motor-car, which in peace time he must be ready to place, together with the services of a driver, at the disposal of the Army Council for not less than six days in each year.

In time of national emergency he must give the Army Council the option of buying or hiring his car at a price or rate to be assessed by a committee on which officers of the Army Motor Reserve shall be represented.

Retirement from the Army Motor Reserve shall be compulsory at the age of sixty.

While liable to be called out only in time of national emergency, an Army Motor Reserve officer may volunteer for service at any time.



MEN IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM

THE GAME REVEALS THEIR CHARACTERS AND PECULIARITIES.

The difficulties of billiards, its many exasperations and uncertainties, make it a capital vehicle for exhibiting human nature in all its phases.

You may also see innumerable varieties of style, ranging from the chin on cue of the imitator of Gray, to the sprawling, all-the-weight-on-the-left-toe attitude of the novice.

There is the player who wants to see how many he has scored before his ball has properly started on its journey. He strikes at his ball only immediately to throw up the point of his cue, and to sprawl over the table to see what is going to happen. He is not an opponent to be feared.

ANNOYING INTEREST.

On the other hand, when you see a man maintain his stance, keep his head down, and allow his cue point to follow on along the cloth long after the object ball has left the cue tip, then you may be sure that he understands one at least of the first principles of successful play.

A common and most annoying type of player is the opponent who follows the balls about.

It is not that he moves or speaks on your stroke, but he takes up a position in anticipation of your shot. Say, for example, that you are trying a red loser from hand into the left-hand top-pocket, he will go and stand by the pocket.

He may not stand so close to it that you have any right to object, but the mere fact of his anticipating your making the shot is often enough to put you off and to make you miss it.

I don't say that men do this deliberately in the hope of putting you off, but there would be fewer heart-burnings in billiard-rooms if players made it a rule always to sit down while an opponent is at the table.

MUSCULAR BILLIARDS.

The "slammer" is a familiar figure. He calls loudly and ominously for a heavy cue, and then proceeds to bang the balls about as hard as ever he can.

Of course, a man has a right to play as he likes, but the "slammer" might remember that his methods are not billiards, nor do they make for enjoyment of a game.

There is the lachrymose player. Why he ever plays is a mystery to me. The game is really a penance to him, and, although otherwise sane, he is convinced that he is the especial sport of Fate, the predestined victim of bad luck.

An occasional visitor is the serious, very serious amateur; serious, I mean, in the intense earnestness he brings to the game.

He is a good player, a very good player, and by the way, you must not confuse him with the sharp. He makes no bones about his skill, he always plays his best, and he never plays for money—or, at least, money that matters.

His heart is in the game, but a thought too much so. He lives for billiards—nothing else, and that is a pity, even if he has no particular reason to work.

A MAN WORTH PLAYING WITH.

There are, however, more cheerful types. My favourite opponent is an artizan. He takes his billiards solely as a recreation. Nothing would induce him to play during his working hours, but, his day's toil over, he is open to play a couple of games, never more, for he is a man of regular habits.

He is a good player, for he has mastered the elements of the game, and his stance, bridge and delivery are all excellent.

He does not go in for nursery cannons or the top of the table game, but relies on open, honest billiards, losing hazards bringing him most of his points, though occasionally he brings one "out of the basket."

He is a hard man to beat. Nothing upsets him. Defeat or victory leaves him equally unmoved, and, indeed, he prefers not to play for the game, but to divide the cost.

PLAYING THE GAME OUT.

It doesn't matter how far you may be ahead, you haven't won until you have pegged the hundred. On the other hand, if he gets in front, he does not, like so many men, begin to play carelessly or try fancy shots.

In short, he is a good player and a good sportsman, and I like him all the more that he is a working man.

Our particular billiard-room, however, is haunted by an alcoholic critic.

I am told, though I find it hard of belief, that during the day he is a capable business man, but I can only say that in the evening he is usually the drunkest thing in trousers that ever was.

Sober or otherwise, he is a phenomenally bad player, but to hear him talk as a critic you would think John Roberts was a child compared with him.

One of these days, I fancy, an infuriated player will kill him quick.

G. G. PICKFORD.

WHEN BUYING SPORTING OUTFITS, REMEMBER:

That boxing-gloves that have been hanging up in a shop-window are apt to crack across the knuckles on the first hard hit or two. Always test them for this before buying.

* * *

That walking-boots, though strong, should always be as light as possible. It is advisable to give a fairly good price for these, for wear is more important than appearance.

* * *

That cheap cricket stumps are apt to suffer from flaws cunningly covered up with varnish. Test them judiciously over your knee.

* * *

That thin flannel is always better than linen for running vests. In the latter you are almost bound to catch cold waiting about between races.

* * *

That by far the best kind of "tip" for fencing foils is tarred twine twisted tightly round the metal button. This is not nearly so easily cut through as are the India-rubber tips that many shopkeepers will try to sell you.

* * *

That a really good pair of flannel trousers is worth paying a really good price for.

A SENSE OF PROPORTION.

A NEEDED BUT RARE QUALITY.

Enthusiasm for a cause is a good thing, but it is easily carried to excess.

For example, I have just been reading an interesting and, in some places, unconsciously amusing little book on "Public Library Reform," by Mr. William Weare.

Mr. Weare has drafted a new Public Libraries Act, and one clause provides that anyone convicted of stealing, defacing, or wilfully damaging a public library book *shall be sentenced to six months' imprisonment without the option of a fine.*

It is fair to add that there is a need for Public Library Reform, and that most of Mr. Weare's proposals are both sound and moderate, but here you have an example of a want of a sense of proportion.

Mr. Weare lives for the best interests of the Public Library, and any sin against them becomes almost a capital offence in his eyes.

Sportsmen often lack a sense of proportion. They have no interests outside their particular sport, and connect everything with it.

Kreisler, the famous violinist, happened to arrive at a prominent town to fulfil an engagement when the local race-meeting was in progress.

His secretary got into conversation with a racing man in the hotel lounge, and the latter, an inquisitive person, asked what he was doing there.

"Oh," said the secretary, "I've just arrived here with Kreisler."

"Have you, by Jove!" said the other. "What race is he running in?"

Actors, of course, often suffer badly from lack of a sense of proportion. Rude people call their failing "swelled head."

In some cases the lack of a sense of proportion is just due to fussiness.

The fussy man magnifies trifles, and in severe cases it becomes the deadly disease of worry.

The worrier has no sense of proportion. He frets over trifles that a sensible man would ignore, and ordinary troubles become catastrophes to him.

The American badly needs a sense of proportion. It is the want of it that makes him shriek about the greatness of his country, and fly into a passion if anyone ventures unfavourably to criticise it or him.

Look at the American newspapers. Scare headings to unimportant bits of news. No sense of proportion.

The "artistic temperament" lacks proportionate vision. It magnifies and distorts, and the artist expects everybody to be as interested in his successes or failures as he is himself.

Fanatics are just people with no sense of proportion at all, while the whole army of faddists possess it only in a very slight degree.

The man who wants everybody to live on nuts, the man who thinks that the only question that matters is whether Bacon was Shakespeare, the Suffragette who declares that "Votes for Women" should come before any other political measure, all suffer from a lack of sense of proportion.

Politicians, of course, have wholly disproportionate views as to the importance of "party" and their own speeches.

Newspapers prate about the power of the Press, though if printing were abolished to-morrow the world would still go on.

We imagine that events in England are of world-wide importance, yet there are millions and millions of people who have no interest in England whatsoever.

The crowds that gather at football matches have little sense of proportion.

It in no way affects the human race who wins the Final, yet on the day of the match the result is almost a matter of life and death to thousands.

In many directions and in many ways our sense of proportion is growing weaker. We rush to extremes too much. We live too fast. We put a fictitious value on money and success.

A true sense of proportion is a quality as rare as it is invaluable.

F. HORTON-PRESSLIE.

A CURIOUS CASE AGAINST US.

HOW ALFRED HELD THE BRIDGE FROM MOTIVES OF "PUBLIC POLICY."

It would appear litigation has become with us a sort of recurring decimal. Last week I gave you particulars of our litigation up to the time of writing, and this week I have something to add to it.

You will remember that in last week's number I explained how Horatio Bottomley, M.P., failed in his application to have the managing director of our publishing company and myself committed for contempt of court, and how the Lord Chief Justice of England, Mr. Justice Bray, and Mr. Justice Bankes dismissed the rule nisi and ordered Horatio Bottomley, M.P., and John Bull, Ltd., to pay our costs.

That happened on Wednesday, April 5.

On Friday, April 7, there called at my office Detective Inspector Gough, with a summons for me and my co-directors to appear at Bow Street, on a charge of having issued to the Public a prospectus that had not been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

I could not, of course, understand the charge, as I knew very well that the prospectus of THE MODERN MAN (Limited) had been duly filed at Somerset House, but on making inquiries I discovered that this extraordinary charge was made against us because it was alleged that the small paragraphs dealing with shares, which for several weeks past I have inserted in My Notebook, constituted prospectuses!

It had never occurred to me that these friendly and personal notes could be construed in such a manner, otherwise I should, of course, have taken care to see that they were all duly filed as prospectuses at Somerset House.

To call such paragraphs prospectuses seems to me farcical, and in future it may perhaps be necessary for us to obtain the advice of learned counsel regarding our Sporting Stories, the paragraphs on the Outer Man page, and the notes by Mr. Mitchell on the Physical Culture page, in case that any item in these features might be construed into a prospectus.

The case was heard at Bow Street, before Mr. Marsham, on Monday, April 10.

The two other directors and I duly appeared, and, of course, I accepted full responsibility for the paragraphs in question.

The following is the report of the case as printed in the "Daily Telegraph":

"Before Mr. Marsham, at Bow Street, James Alexander Shepherd, [illegible] and Cary Godfry Bowerman were summoned, at the instance of Alfred Henri Edwards, for having knowingly authorised or permitted the issue of a prospectus of a company called THE MODERN MAN (Limited), without filing the prospectus for registration with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies. Mr. J. I. MacPherson appeared in support of the complaint; Mr. Edward Bell (Messrs. Carter and Bell) defended.

"Mr. MacPherson said defendants were the proprietors of a paper called THE MODERN MAN, in the issue of which, dated January 14, there appeared an article, written by the Editor, dealing at some length with the progress of the Company. In the course of it the writer said:

"'I am going to allow my friends, readers, and League members, who have supported me so enthusiastically, to participate in the Deferred shares, which I have so far kept exclusively to myself. . . . To every purchaser of one pound's worth of Seven per Cent. Cumulative Ordinary shares in THE MODERN MAN (Limited) I shall present, free of all charge, one of my own £1 Deferred shares. The number of shares available is not very great, and it will be necessary to apply at once.'

"In another part of the paper a form of application was printed, and in a subsequent issue there was another paragraph, repeating the offer. Counsel pointed out that under the Companies Act a prospectus was interpreted as being any invitation to the public to purchase shares, and he submitted that it was clear that these articles came within that definition.

"Formal evidence was given by Mr. Edwards, the complainant, who described himself as a secretary of public companies, residing at Cleveland Mansions, Maida Vale. He said the articles in question were first brought to his notice by friends, who proposed to invest money in the company. He had searched at Somerset House, and found that copies were not filed there.

"Cross-examined by Mr. Bell, witness said he was not taking the proceedings on behalf of the Registrar, and so far as he knew the matter had not been brought to his notice. He had never instituted proceedings of this kind before.

"You have noticed that THE MODERN MAN has been in litigation with 'John Bull'?—I have read about it.

"You have had no communication with the proprietors or editor of 'John Bull'?—None whatever.

"And you were not prompted by them?—No.

"You know that certain litigation took place last week, and was decided the day before this information was laid?—I did know that.

"Why did you delay taking proceedings until Friday?—I was waiting to see whether they were going to bring out another one. I know one or two people who have been foolish enough, in my opinion, to take up shares in this way.

"It is simply out of love of justice that you have gone to all this trouble?—Public policy.

"Mr. Bell submitted that the articles complained of did not amount to an invitation to the general public to purchase shares, and he drew attention to the fact that the form of application stated that the shares were to be allotted upon the terms of the Company's prospectus, which had been duly filed with the Registrar.

"Mr. James Alexander Shepherd said he was the Editor of THE MODERN MAN and he took all responsibility for the articles, which were written as puff paragraphs dealing with the prospectus. The same thing had been done frequently in 'John Bull' and other papers. He had received no complaint from the authorities, and had no idea he was committing any breach of the law.

"The magistrate said he did not think prosecutions of this kind by private individuals ought to be encouraged, and he was not disposed to give the complainant any costs, as he had power to do. He thought the articles came within the definition of prospectuses, and it could not be denied that the shares were offered to the public. Upon the summons against Mr. Shepherd he imposed a fine of 40s., with 2s. costs, and with regard to the other two summonses, he made an order for the payment of 2s. costs in each case."

Mr. Alfred Henri Edwards, who described himself as a "secretary of public companies," of 24, Cleveland Mansions, Maida Vale, and of 12, Norfolk Street, W.C., received as costs the sum of 6s. As he said in his evidence that he had to pay a solicitor and a counsel, I trust that he is well satisfied.

The magistrate's statement that such actions should not be encouraged is worthy of note.

Unwittingly, I and my fellow-directors had committed a technical breach of the law in not having these paragraphs in the "Notebook" filed at Somerset House.

Of course, no charge of fraud or anything of that description was, or could be, made against us. The whole thing was a matter of red tape. The law declares that all prospectuses of whatever kind must be filed at Somerset House.

That we had committed no real offence is testified by the fact that the authorities at Somerset House brought no charge against us.

JAMES ALEXANDER SHEPHERD.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

A BREAKER of BOOKMAKERS

By
BERNARD MACKLIN.

It is sad to confess, after being a marcher in the racing army for many campaigns, that the political economists are right and the general public are wrong. It is horrible to have to admit that in the few cases where a man has raised himself above the genius of financiers and great artists by accomplishing the world's most difficult feat—that is to say, beating the book—it has, in the proverbial nine cases out of ten, always resulted in one sad thing. The money that has come easily has gone easily. It has ground no corn, wrought no iron, repaired no boots, done no business. The victory is with the political economists.

The bookmaker works for his money very hard. But the successful casual punter merely makes a bet. When Demetrius the Doped rolls home and the successful punter has backed it, the only work the punter has done to deserve the money he draws consists of arguing with the layer about the price. And this is just what the Everything-must-pan-out-squarely-in-the-end law does not like.

That law ordains that the winning punter shall waste according to the amount of his winnings, and at the conclusion of the reckoning it is usually found that he has merely borrowed the money at a ruinous percentage. And people who do that sort of thing invariably find themselves in the cart.

That is the case of the very earliest of my racing friends—the man who assisted me to write out my first betting slip. But I know he can bear his misfortunes with a smile.

A "fellow of infinite jest" was Tommy Gleam. I remember his glancing at my "paper" on that memorable day when I became a fledgeling of the racing fraternity by putting one shilling to win on a good plater called Tin Soldier. He noted I had signed my name in full, and this paper was going down to the "Doctor" (who was a fresh-air bookmaker).

He shook his head.

"That won't do," he said. "S'posin' he's copped to-day. Your name gets in the papers then. And what would your old man say, eh?"

What he would say did not bother me. I knew that in the circumstances mentioned by Tommy Gleam my concern would only be as to which of the "old man's" sticks was nearest (with a prayer that his Sumatra cane might *not* be his special selection).

Wherefore, I hastily asked for a *nom de course*.

"Oh, somethin' appropriate," said Tommy. looking me up and down.

When he got quite down he had an inspiration.

"Oh, sign it 'Feet,' *of course!*" And he laughed the laugh of a man who has hesitated over the flagrantly obvious. Tin Soldier did his duty nobly. He pranced home at tens, and thus Tommy Gleam, Fate, and Tin Soldier provided me the Open Sesame to the sport of dukes and costmen.

Within a month I had decided that all else except backing horses was futile. I felt sorry for our poor bookmaker.

Tommy Gleam always wrote out his papers against an alley wall, but for all that I will wager he inscribed more winners in that particular period than any gilded punter-per-telegram in all the West-End of London.

As with all business geniuses, early and accurate information was what put Tommy Gleam so far ahead. He was, by profession, a telegraph clerk in the post-office of the small Midland town where we lived. And in that town were several supposedly "small" commission agents who worked commissions for some of the biggest stables. Wherefore, by reading the wires, he got all the "jobs."

In those days a certain Lincolnshire stable was carrying all before it in the selling races. It did not pine for the Derby, the Oaks, the Two Thousand Guineas, or such classic honours.

Winners of any event were its aim, selling races and small handicaps for preference. It was during this lucky streak that I started my racing career under the auspices of Tommy Gleam.

On those occasions when he could not get away to run down to the "Doctor's," he used to send the starred selections to me per express letter. A second after receipt of that missive I would be dashing down to the haunts of the "Doctor." Sometimes those "good things" failed to mature, but usually I had something to draw from our S.P. merchant.

He was ever a bird of ill-omen. "Can't last," he would say, shaking his head.

I was betting in shillings and Tommy in pounds, but before that run of luck stopped we had broken that staunch believer in the ultimate success of the book— the "Doctor."

When he informed me of the fact that he was going back to the printing trade, he admitted that he had won the capital to start his book at "backing 'em."

He told me the story of how five pounds had turned into a hundred and fifty over the Black Sand and Ballantrae double, and he concluded with a shrug of his shoulders :

"Easy come, easy go. Thank your stars *you* haven't won so much as Tommy Gleam, young man!" said he.

"Bet you he'll be no pal of yours this time next month, and that'll be lucky for you."

Then ensued for Tommy and me a period of great opulence. We had decided to rest on our laurels, pending opening a credit account with some other luckless bookmaker, whom (poor fellow!) we should, of course, break as we had broken the "Doctor." Tommy Gleam had, up to that period, occupied modest "digs" in a not unduly ostentatious part of the town. He moved now to what was our local Mayfair.

Being, like all racing men, of an unnecessarily secretive disposition, he gave out that a relative had left him some money. For his mythical relative he went to the length of wearing a black suit, elegantly cut at the town's best sartorial artist's.

But for all his mourning attire there was no slackening of our gaiety. We had the best seats at the theatre, we smoked the nicest of cigars, we stood drinks round to bars-full of people, we took relays of the nicest of girls to afternoon tea (when Tommy could get away).

Naturally everyone asked him why he did not give up his position at the post-office. And—just like Tommy Gleam—he replied that he did not think it good for a young man to have too much leisure. Similarly, if he had been the notorious owner of the goose that laid the golden eggs, he would have pointed out that poultry-keeping was not without its merits as a hobby.

Thus Tommy continued in his high living. Only once I ventured to point out that I had only shillings where he had pounds. He threw me a crumpled-up five pound note and told me not to talk about sordid things.

With judicious handling I could have made that money last until we started breaking bookmakers again. But Tommy became over-friendly with a crew of solo whist experts, and—surely it is unnecessary to give details of his remarks when, two days later, I called attention to the fact that my five pounds had accompanied a similar amount of his own into the pockets of those wise young men who never by any possible chance called "solo" on four certain tricks and one possibility, nor went "abundance" on a "sporter."

Our friendship dissolved amid agonised throes. The next morning I went back to my work feeling righteous for that I had severed all connection with the Turf. I scorned to realise that I was merely one of those who were virtuous because they had no option to be otherwise.

Tommy and I, like all insincere friends who part in anger, cut each other as dead as defunct platers.

Sometimes I saw him reeling down the one main street of our little town arm-in-arm with the abundance merchants. . . . I looked at him pityingly and thought "Poor fool!" Really my commiseration was most pathetic. How lucky it was I had no money to spoil those finer feelings! I sadly fear that a student of human nature would have laid odds that I should have joined the unsteady pedestrians had I been in a position to say with any confidence, "What are you men drinking?"

But, you will note, the inexorable law I have mentioned had made no exception of me.

The rest of my story of Tommy Gleam must be written in the clear light of after events. If I had not been told but lately, I should never have known what actually sent Tommy away from his native town.

I gathered that the narrow-minded authorities had sacked him merely for having a puerile "lark" with the post-office clock, which, because the local clock-winder had become temporarily indisposed, he had been set to wind up. I realised at the time that the sin was somewhat serious, because the town took its time from that clock. They had such faith in it that they would have corrected the sun by it, I believe.

Tommy did it by degrees, by quarter and half-minutes per diem, but by the end of three weeks or so he had succeeded in getting it—and, in consequence, the time of the whole town—ten minutes slow by Greenwich time.

Tommy, however, was not a man to play futile practical jokes.

The explanation of the whole affair lies in the fact that the luck of the Lincolnshire stable stopped just after Tommy started "betting big" with one of the leading local Turf accountants. The fivers he laid through the 'phone got put down on the debit side at the other end.

He played up his stakes, and by the end of a fortnight the remainder of the little fortune that had come easily had gone easily—bearing the theme of the political economists further ample testimony.

And then Tommy became tired of this state of affairs.

Of conservative disposition to the backbone, he longed for the old period—the time when he enjoyed the pleasurable feeling of putting the money down merely to pick it up again with great interest. He thought of the ancient wheeze of getting the winners through quickly and then timing the wires. He was in the very position for executing that manœuvre.

He was, however, very happy when the indisposition of the clock-maker rendered such plagiarism unnecessary.

I have related to you the manner of his clock-correcting. It is unnecessary to add that by six minutes before two o'clock by our "revised" town time, he frequently had the results of the races that were not timed to start before the stroke of that second post-meridian hour.

If it were not for the fact that backing one's certain knowledge is accounted immoral in this land, Tommy would now be easily spending a further considerable amount of easily-obtained money.

As it happens, however, the English law is narrow-minded in this respect. It even protects the bookmakers of whom it affects to be entirely ignorant.

Yet, with all this against him, it was only a thousand-to-one chance that beat Tommy Gleam. His postmaster woke up, suddenly! He thought that the authorities might be asked to have the post-office clock automatically synchronised from Greenwich. When the first shock chucked the hand round ten minutes, it was then that Tommy's chance went right out in the betting.

When the whole town realised that they were ten minutes slow, they were annoyed with the clock. But Tommy's S.P. merchant confined his wrath to Tommy—a Tommy who was leaving the lights of Dover well on the port bow.

ON MAKING SPILLS.

Do *you* know how to make a spill properly? You are an uncommon man if you do. Most men take a piece of paper, twist it carelessly round, and apply it, flaming, to their pipe. Then they curse when the flame quickly runs down the paper and scorches their fingers.

Another, more methodical, type of man folds his spill carefully; but he takes too large a piece of paper. Therefore it is difficult to ignite, and the action of puffing is sufficient to blow it out. Hence more swears.

The happy medium in spill-making is reached by taking a piece of paper about 2 inches by 3 inches, and folding it over three times.

An ordinary sheet of notepaper divided lengthways down the middle and folded in this way is just the right size.

SOME CURES FOR THE BLUES.

A striding walk on a cold evening at as near an approach to racing pace as you can muster.

* * *

A bout with the gloves with a pal who can box.

* * *

An evening at a music-hall where Salome dances and red-nosed comedians are reduced to a minimum.

* * *

A visit to or from your best pal.

* * *

Half-an-hour in the swimming bath, followed by a good "rub down" so hard as nearly to take your skin off.

* * *

A brisk canter on a good horse.

* * *

A good dinner in congenial company.

* * *

The latest number of THE MODERN MAN.

SAM LANGFORD—CIGAR SMOKER.

Tobacco is supposed to be absolutely fatal to success for training, yet Sam Langford, the famous coloured boxer, whose physical condition is simply perfect, is a consistent smoker of cigars, and smokes right up to the moment of going into the ring.

Smoking is also said to be particularly bad for the eyes, more especially cigarette-smoking; yet the progress of Mr. H. H. Hilton, one of the greatest of all amateurs, round the golf links is marked by a trail of cigarette ends, and this not only in "friendlies" but in championship contests.

He is what is called a "chainsmoker," that is, he usually lights a fresh cigarette from the smouldering end of another, as Bismarck used to do with cigars of prodigious size and strength.

Dogs in Barracks.

AND INCIDENTS IN THE CAREERS OF SOME OF MINE.

I was going to start with the great thought that you can tell a man by the dogs he keeps, when it occurred to me that most of the hounds I have owned have been scallywags of the worst description. There was, for example, that Newfoundland pup, mentioned in a previous article, which ate the Adjutant's patent leather boots.

Bootbrush's Wellingtons, however, although he took large elevens, merely served as a sort of *hors d'œuvre* to whet Hero's appetite.

HERO'S BILL.

The same day when we were all away at a regimental cricket match the dauntless hound made a tour of the mess and officers' quarters. I still have the bill that was afterwards rendered to me. It is rather lengthy, so I will quote only a few of the principal items. Here they are:—

	£	s.	d.	
Major Brown's Full-Dress Trousers	1	10	0	
The C.O.'s Doormat ...		7	6	(paid)
Mrs. C.O.'s Persian Kitten	1	0	0	(paid)
Captain Tomkyns's Fancy Waistcoat	2	2	0	
The Adjutant's Patent Leather Boots	2	2	0	
One Ante-Room Arm-Chair (disembowelled)...	5	0	0	
Lieut. D'Arcy's Silk Hat			2	
The Mess Sergeant's Baby		2	6	(paid)

Despite the unpopularity that enshrouded him and his master in consequence of this field day, Hero might have lasted longer than he did, but for the unfortunate incident of the General Court-Martial which assembled to try a serious offence committed by a Warrant Officer.

Hero was suffering from a vermiculous complaint, and on the morning of the G.C.M. I gave him a santonin powder. He did not like the medicine. In fact, after biting me severely on the thumb, he tore madly round the room, sprang out of the window with a frenzied yell, and disappeared.

HOW HE BROKE UP A COURT-MARTIAL.

Afterwards, as far as I could learn from the incoherent remarks of various purple-faced senior officers, he made a bee-line for the court-martial room, and curled himself up beneath the green-baize-covered table.

The Court assembled and took their seats. At that precise moment Hero elected to be violently ill, and simultaneously the Court rose and dispersed in marked disorder.

I remember I was sitting in the ante-room waiting to go on recruits' drill, when I was surprised and not a little alarmed by the sudden and tumultuous entry of about a dozen senior officers, all yelling madly for neat brandy.

Then there was "Teufel," who was named after that most delightful of dog-tales, "Teufel—A Terrier." My Teufel, however, was a terrier only by courtesy. We decided that he was a terrier, because the tyke in him predominated slightly more than any other one of the seventeen breeds that went to his composition.

Still, he was quite a nice dog, with a curious and insatiable appetite for cigarette ends, which he ate preferably while still burning.

TEUFEL'S MISTAKE.

A certain General Officer Commanding was the cause of Teufel's being discharged with ignominy from barracks. This G.O.C. did not like dogs, and so when he came to make his annual inspection all the hounds in barracks were carefully secured and locked up.

Teufel, however, managed to escape. He arrived on the parade ground just as the General, who was dismounted, had formed us up in three sides of a square and was delivering a short and mainly comminatory address.

The G.O.C. had very long and very thin legs, and to this day I cannot find it in my heart seriously to blame Teufel for mistaking one of them for a lamp-post.

However, I have been led away into personal reminiscences when I meant to discuss the dog in barracks in general.

A MAN'S DOG.

He is very much a man's dog, and he sees a lot of life. Of course, there are other men's dogs—dogs kept on board ship, in digs, in the working chap's cottage—but the soldiers' dog has a freedom that these do not enjoy.

True, dogs are not allowed to run loose in barracks, but they soon become wonderfully cunning in avoiding the barrack-master's or the provost-sergeant's eye.

The barrack dog is a dog of many friends—too many, in fact, for the trouble is that if you try to keep a really nice dog in barracks he becomes everybody's dog, and you, his master, see perhaps less of him than anyone else.

The mess cook feeds him until he grows as stout as an alderman. The men lure him into the barrack-rooms, where they teach him to drink beer, also to fight other dogs.

He becomes raffish, pugnacious, and uncontrollable. He knows that he is not allowed in the ante-room, and therefore takes a delight in sneaking into it. He gets you into trouble with the married ladies by chasing their cats or putting his muddy paws on their best frocks. In short, he is apt to become a confounded nuisance. Yet he is a lovable dog, and always ready for a bit of sport. Show me a "doggy" regiment and you may be pretty sure that they are a good lot of chaps.

OFFICIAL RECOGNITION.

In India the soldiers' dog, *par excellence*, is the bull-terrier. He stands the climate better than any other breed, and thrives where other dogs will wither in the heat.

Soldiers' dogs are officially recognised. Paragraph 1,509 of the King's Regulations reads as follows:

"Not more than eight dogs will be carried in any transport, and, for these, applications must reach the War Office not less than seven days before the date fixed for the departure of the ship. The selection will be made according to the owner's seniority."

So far as officers are concerned, this regulation is frequently evaded, and if the colonel of the regiment and the captain of the transport are good sorts they will be conveniently blind and deaf when Tommy Atkins comes aboard carrying a kit bag from which proceeds a frenzied, though muffled, yelping.

"CHINSTRAP."

HINTS AND HELPS FOR CYCLISTS

By A CYCLE MECHANIC.

At this time of the year most cyclists are thinking of getting their machines in good order for the coming season. Here are a few practical "tips" about machines which will be of some value to the cyclist.

The things which give the most trouble are the tyres. The majority of cyclists do not know the best way to repair a puncture. Here it is: get your piece of patching rubber, and hold your scissors at an angle with the rubber whilst you are cutting it. In this way you will get a bevelled edge, which will prevent the patch curling up and subsequently coming off altogether, as so often happens.

Then thoroughly clean the patch and the place on the tube which is to be repaired. This can be done best with petrol, which can be obtained at any motor-garage for about twopence the pint.

PUNCTURES.

Now take your rubber solution and rub same evenly round the puncture and on the patch, and allow the two solutioned surfaces to dry for fully five minutes. Do not be afraid of dirty fingers, as petrol is a fine thing for removing any kind of dirt.

It is then advisable to test the tube in water, gently stretching it the while, to make sure that there are no more punctures. A good tip, when you have a small puncture and are pushed for time, or have no materials at hand to repair it with, is to let about a gill of water run through the valve into the tube and then inflate the tube. I have known this to keep up for three days a tube which before went down every five minutes. Take the water out as soon as convenient, or it will come through the puncture and wet the inside of the cover.

If you are continually troubled with punctures on the underside of the tube, and you cannot make out the cause of it, take off cover and tube, and then remove the rim tape and see if there are any spoke-ends protruding through the rims; if so, have them filed down, as these will cause punctures.

A COMMON MISTAKE.

Also do not put too much oil in the hubs, or it will run down the spokes between the nipple and rim, and getting on to the tube will cause it to rot. That is the cause of those little blisters on the inside of the tube, which you will very likely find, and each of these will tear quite easily if you pull them.

Now for covers. If you have a small cut through the cover, say up to half an inch long, cut two pieces of cycle-repairing canvas, one 2in. by 3in., and the other 3in. by 4in.; thoroughly clean with petrol a fair amount of space round the cut inside of cover, and solution the damaged place on the cover, and the smaller piece of canvas.

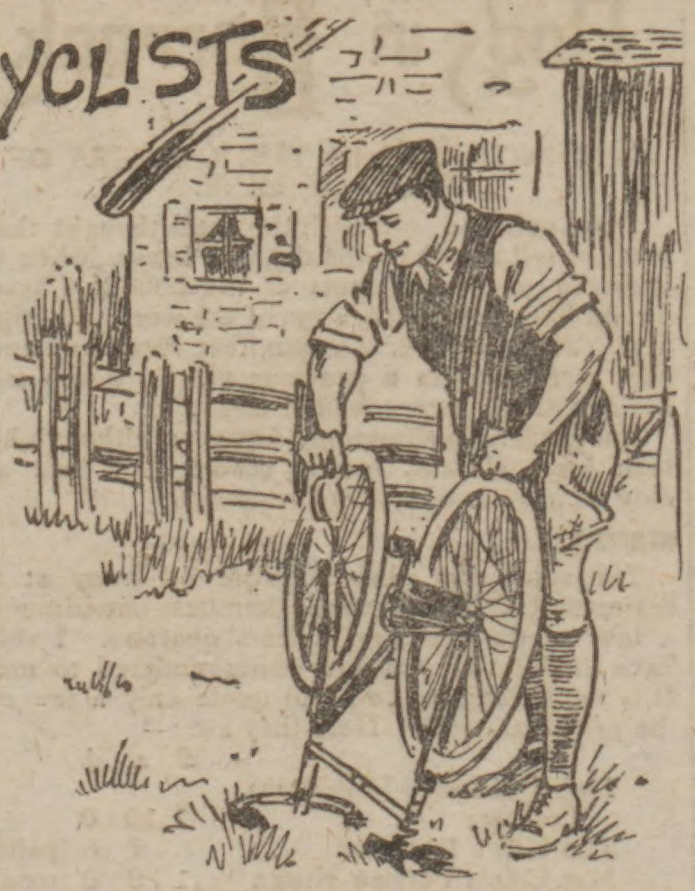
Let the solution dry, as previously mentioned, and fix the patch lengthways on the cover. Next, solution the top of the patch already fixed, allow the first coat to dry, and then give a second coat, as the canvas will absorb the first coat. Also solution the larger patch, and when "tacky" fix on top of the smaller one.

TYRE COVERS.

Next, thoroughly clean out the cut on the outside of cover with petrol, and rub a thin layer of solution well into it. Allow the solution to dry and then fill up the cut with "Tyre Stop," which can be obtained at any cycle dealer's for sixpence a small tin.

You must leave the "Tyre Stop" slightly above the surface of the cover, as when it dries it will contract into the cut.

When you have a tight cover do not resort to the tyre-lever or fork handle, as you are likely to nip the tube with these, but get as much of the cover on as possible on the opposite side of the rim to the valve, and then, starting at the right-hand side of the part of the cover you have got on,



put your thumb between the edge of the rim and the edge of the cover, and working your thumb round to the left-hand side of the stretch, push the cover into the centre of the rim.

By going round the cover two or three times in this manner you will find that a bit more of the cover goes on every time, and you will get it on quite easily with no risk of nipping the tube. You should also have a little air in the tube when you are putting on the cover.

FREE-WHEELS AND BACK-PEDALLING BRAKES.

The main point about free wheels is to keep them clean. If your free wheel slips occasionally, swill it out by squirting paraffin into it, revolve the pedals backwards a few times to allow it to work in, and then oil. If it still slips, either the pawls or the springs are worn out and want replacing.

No doubt some of my readers use New Departure hubs and back-pedalling brakes. When the pedals slip forward on the drive, take down your hub, which can be done by unscrewing the cone on the chain-wheel side, and the inside mechanism will then slide out. Note how you take it out, so that you can replace it correctly.

Then slide the two milled cones off the spindle and clean them. If the milling is badly worn you will have to send them to the makers to have them replaced. If the milling is rough, thoroughly clean all inside parts and oil them, and then replace as before. All New Departures and back-pedalling hubs should have a little play in the wheel; also see that the right hand nut is screwed very tight.

All brakes should be kept clean and well oiled in all working parts, otherwise they will never work satisfactorily. Also see that all screws at pivotting points are tightly screwed up, or you will lose a certain amount of power, but they must not be so tight as to interfere with the working of the brakes.

BRAKES AND GEAR-CASES.

If your inverted cable breaks, the only thing to do is to take it to a repairer. If your brake-blocks do not grip the rim when you apply the brake, take off both brake-blocks and prick a few holes in the surfaces of them which catch the rim, then rub resin on the holes and on the surface, and you will then find that the blocks will grip very well.

When you take off your gear-case and find a difficulty in getting it on again, put the slotted half of the case on first, and then attach the other half with back screw only, but leave the screw loose. Then work it into the slots with a table knife, going from back to front, a bit at a time. After you have put the first half on, you will do it better if you turn the machine over on the saddle and bars.

By following out the above instructions you will save money and occupy some of your spare time profitably.

H. LORD.

AN UNWELCOME CALL.

Has it ever struck you what a luxury it is to be able, once in a way, to dispense with "being called"?

Most of us are the victims of someone who "calls" us, always too soon, in the morning. How often the last question exchanged before retiring, candle in hand, to the bedroom, is: "When shall I call you, sir?" And in most cases one has to name a time, the very latest moment, when there must be a stirring and a leap from the bed.

But now and again, when business does not press, it is a delicious luxury to be able to answer the familiar question with a negative "Do not call me; I'll ring when I want hot water." And having said this, one can lie abed reading or thinking overnight, in the happy assurance that to-morrow morning there's "no hurry."

It is this freedom from being called that gives to Sunday mornings much of their delicious restfulness.

HAVE YOU JOINED OUR LEAGUE?

The League exists for the furtherance of good sportsmanship and good fellowship among our readers. No subscription is demanded and no liability incurred by members.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge. Actual Size.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

STAR GAZING

By ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

Mr. Wix had lived for some time at Mrs. Magg's Boarding Establishment for Single Gentlemen; Mr. Feedle had joined the board, as it were, a little while afterwards, and Mr. Bunce had come in third. But there were others. Mr. Wix, on the strength of his being the oldest hand, always sat at the head of the table and led the conversation, when the others would let him.

"I understand that a new star will be visible to-night," said Mr. Wix, pompously, at the dinner-table the other evening. "I have arranged to take my telescope to the Town Hall and see it from there."

Mrs. Magg said she didn't know anything about these new stars, but she hoped Mr. Wix would not get into danger by getting too near it.

"Do I understand you to say that a new star will give a performance at the Town Hall to-night?" asked Mr. Bunce, politely, as he winked his eye significantly at Mr. Feedle.

"No," said Wix, loftily. "I have a little influence with the authorities in the town, and I have arranged that I am to climb to the roof of the Town Hall with my telescope and make my observations undisturbed. Two men will meet me there with a special ladder, as it seems I cannot get up from the inside."

"Dear me," said Feedle. "How very interesting. If you get near enough to the star for practical purposes, you might ask if there is anyone there who wants to buy a bicycle. I'm thinking of selling mine."

Mr. Wix did not deign to reply to such frivolity. He finished his meal in silence, and then armed with a huge telescope strolled down to the Town Hall, where he found the men and the ladder duly awaiting him. As it happened, Mr. Feedle and Mr. Bunce arrived on the spot about the same time, but they crept along in the shadow of the wall, as they were not really supposed to be there.

Mr. Wix climbed up to the roof, and was then considerably annoyed to find that the night, which had begun by being so clear and starry, had suddenly become cloudy, so that any chance of seeing the new star had gone. He made his way back to the ladder, and was just going to descend when he observed two men coming up with stealthy movements. A moment later he recognised them as Feedle and Bunce, and as he had not invited them to accompany him he was naturally a little annoyed at their very rude intrusion. He therefore withdrew behind one of the large chimney stacks, and took the liberty of listening to their conversation.

As soon as the two reached the top of the ladder, and Feedle had got his breath back (for Feedle was short and fat), Wix heard him say:

"You go round the other side, Bunce, and let the rocket off when I give you the signal. I'll find old Wix and tell him that it's the new star bursting."

"Where is he?" asks Bunce in a hoarse whisper, as he looked about him.

"He must be on the other side," said Feedle. "Come on carefully." And he began to creep along the edge of the roof, steadying himself by holding on to the raised coping.

Wix gazed after them, and shrugged his shoulders. He sighed to think that that sort of thing represented what Feedle and Bunce called a joke. As there was nothing further to detain him on the roof, he came down the ladder in a leisurely way; and as he could hardly be expected to go to the expense of hiring ladders for the use of Feedle and Bunce, he told his men they could have their ladder again, as he had quite finished with it, thank you.

About five minutes after the ladder had gone Mr. Wix, who happened to be still in the shadow of the Town Hall, saw a couple of men wandering aimlessly about the roof, and peeping over the coping from time to time as if in search of something that wasn't there. Now and again he could hear fragments of their remarks to each other. He heard Feedle say that Bunce was a jackass; and Bunce's remark to the effect that Feedle was a withering idiot, was distinctly audible. Mr. Wix had never known a time when he had felt so much disposed to agree with the opinions of both gentlemen.

As Mr. Wix stood gazing up with a good deal of interest a policeman came and stood beside him, and asked him if he was looking at anything in particular.

"I'm not sure, constable," replied Wix in tones of studied uncertainty. "It seems to me that I can see a couple of men trying to hide themselves on the roof of the Town Hall. I may be mistaken, but——"

"No, you ain't sir!" replied the policeman, eagerly. "I can see 'em myself quite plainly now. What's their little game, I wonder?"

The policeman took another careful look, and then he blew his whistle so suddenly that Wix thought for the moment that his skull had split right across. The noise had the effect of bringing another policeman on the scene; it also brought a considerable crowd of people, as it did not take much to cause intense excitement in a small suburban town where nothing much ever happened further than the bolting of a horse, or a street-fight after closing time.

"What's up?" asked one man, shoving his way through the crowd and following the direction of the glances of the policemen.

"They're chasing a couple of burglars," said another man who had clearly arrived on the scene too late to get a clear idea of the facts. "It seems that the burglars have got revolvers, and it's going to be a nasty job to tackle."

The story of the armed burglars ran round the crowd very quickly, and had the effect of thinning it down a good deal. One of the policemen, who had been discussing a project for climbing up and arresting the two men, suddenly changed his mind, and said he thought he ought to go and fetch the inspector. The other policeman was, however, made of sterner stuff. Taking prudent cover being a lamp-post, he cried out:

"Come on down, both of you. The game's up. I've had my eye on you for days past!"

Mr. Wix, who was in the middle of the crowd, deriving quite an unaccountable amount of amusement from the exciting scene, saw Bunce lean over the coping, and heard him say:

"Why don't some of you run for the fire-escape? We can't get down!"

Several of the fearless men who had remained in the crowd heard the word "fire-escape," and rather welcomed the opportunity of having a good excuse for getting out of the range of the revolvers on the roof.

Some fifty of them made a combined dash for the fire-station, to break the news that the Town Hall was being burnt out. Meanwhile one or two of the stalwarts who still remained on the scene, shouted to the two prisoners on the roof to keep up their courage, as the fire-escape would be there in a minute.

In this estimate, however, they were overgenerous to the local fire-brigade, as it was a clear quarter of an hour before the hand-machine came clattering down the street, drawn or pushed by a score of willing hands.

When they had got the machine in front of the Town Hall, one of the firemen remembered that they had left the hose behind, and, as the pumping apparatus was not much good without it, two of the men ran back to fetch it.

"Where's the fire?" shouted the head fireman, excitedly, as he waved the crowd back.

As there was no fire at all, it was not surprising that none of the bystanders could locate it. Mr. Wix, feeling that he was perhaps posted up on the position of affairs better than anyone else present, volunteered the suggestion that the two men had probably come to that side of the roof to escape the fire which was no doubt behind them; and that, if he were a fireman, he would play upon them direct so as to ensure their not being singed by the flames. He could see Feedle and Bunce standing on the coping shouting remarks to those below; but the noise and excitement were so great that nothing they could say was audible.

As the firemen had no definite programme, they were only too pleased to do anything that showed a little praiseworthy activity. The hose having arrived, the pumps were set vigorously to work, and amid the cheers of the crowd a huge stream of water shot up in the air.

Feedle evidently saw it coming, but it was clear that he could not get off the coping in time to avoid it, and he must have been soaked through to his backbone before he succeeded in dodging behind a chimney stack. Bunce thoughtlessly stopped and tried to argue the matter out with the firemen, and he must have had his face nearly washed out of shape before the force of the water flung him back on to the roof.

At this moment it seemed to Mr. Wix that he had had quite enough amusement for one evening; and every philosopher knows that it is not good for us to let our lives become one unbroken round of pleasure.

He therefore returned slowly home, telling Mrs. Magg on his arrival that he had not been able to see the new star on account of the cloudy weather. Mrs. Magg said she didn't know anything about such things, but if you had asked her, she would have told you that the star had never been there, the announcement in the papers having doubtless been a new dodge of one of the patent medicine advertisers. And as Mr. Wix never argued with Mrs. Magg on things she didn't understand, he said very likely she was right.

Somewhere about ten o'clock Feedle and Bunce returned home. Mr. Wix happened to be in the hall as they were letting themselves quietly in. He had been waiting there for about an hour and a half for the purpose.

It had evidently been the intention of the two roof-climbers to sneak up to their rooms without saying anything to anybody, but Wix met them at the foot of the stairs, and he could not help noticing that both his fellow-boarders looked very dismal and were shockingly wet.

"Hullo, you chaps!" he said, cheerily, "is it raining?"

"N-not exactly raining," Feedle began, hesitatingly. "It's sort of——"

Bunce gave Feedle a nudge. Wix saw him do it, but of course he was far too polite to say so, and Bunce went on:

"The fact is, Wix, old chap," he said, "Feedle is too modest to tell you; but as we were passing the river just now we saw a man fall in. Old Feedle immediately jumped in after him and got him out. I got wet helping Feedle to carry the man home. That's all."

"Congratulations, Feedle, old chap," cried Wix, coming forward and grasping him by the hand. "It was a noble deed, and so like you. I shall

certainly write to the Royal Humane Society about it, and ask them to send you a gold medal."

"Oh there's no need to say anything about it," said Feedle a little sheepishly.

"Oh, well, you know," said Wix. "I won't if you prefer not. You heroes are always modest. Of course, I can't say that I saw you do it ; but I was in the crowd outside the Town Hall just now when the fire-engine came up, and I felt sure the firemen would do something silly. Good-night, you chaps !"

Wix strolled into the smoking-room with a low chuckle, while Feedle and Bunce looked at each other reproachfully, and then dismally floundered up to bed.

A HARD PUNCH.

This is what every boxer wants to cultivate ; and to do it, he should remember, whenever he is putting in a hit, whether on a man or a ball, to get in as good a swing of the body as possible. When doing dumb-bell exercises, by the way, specialise in exercises that will develop the triceps ; for it is this muscle that gives the power to a man's punch.

ACTING AS PEACEMAKER.

To the man of understanding it is abundantly clear that there is no more thankless task than attempting to restore peace between two friends or between a man and his wife.

In such a case a man invariably receives more kicks than halfpence.

In the former case, to wit, acting as peacemaker between two mutual friends, he is bound to lose the friendship of one or the other of them. They will each give him a version—widely divergent—of the cause of their quarrel ; and try as he may to be impartial, one of them is bound to see that he really sympathises with the other, and thus he will lose a friend.

No one but a fool interposes in a quarrel between a husband and wife ; because in such a case both loving spouses invariably forget their quarrel in a unanimous condemnation of the unfortunate peacemaker's interference !

WHEN ON THE COURSE, BEWARE OF—

The burly, bruiser-like person who treads on your toe and grins offensively. He is eagerly awaiting some strong language from you, so that he may knock you over, and let his pals go through your pockets while pretending to pick you up.

* * *

The penciller, accompanied by a truculent-looking clerk, who has taken up his pitch as close as possible to the exit gates, and keeps looking at them nervously at the conclusion of every race.

* * *

The flash personage who knocks over your drink at the refreshment bar, apologises profusely, and insists on buying another for you. Having gained speech with you on this pretext, he will proceed to offer you a "snip," and, further, to invest some money on it for you, "because he can get longer odds." But if you entrust him with any you will see neither him nor it again.

* * *

The engaging-looking sportsman who comes up to you after a race and, excusing himself for addressing you on the grounds that you look such a man of the world, explains that he has lost "every oat he had," and asks you to advance him £2 to get home with on his gold watch, or else to buy it from him for a larger sum. You can bet your boots that the watch is neither golden nor his own property.

* * *

The shifty-looking youth, not in the uniform of the race club, who wants to sell race cards. You will find, after buying one, that it is one of the previous day's and not too clean—also that the vendor has disappeared.

A CAREER IN THE R.I.C.

When constabulary duty's to be done
A policeman's lot MAY BE *a happy one.*
—GILBERT (adapted).

Thackeray, in his "Irish Sketch Book," written in the early forties of the last century, finds occasion to mention the Irish Constabulary. He comments on their admirable martial bearing, their spruceness, and their keen intelligence. Were he alive to-day, he would find no cause to regret his eulogistic reference to what is, beyond doubt, one of the finest bodies of police in the King's dominions.

The R.I.C. has seen stirring days in the last century. It has always acquitted itself with distinction. Its praiseworthy conduct during the Fenian troubles evoked a direct compliment from Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. She was pleased to order that the Irish Constabulary be designated the Royal Irish Constabulary.

The Irish police, deeply sensible of the honour conferred on their corps, set to work to attain a higher standard of efficiency. That standard has been maintained by 70,000 successors right loyally.

THE HONOUR OF THE "REGIMENT."

Rarely, if ever, is a member known to disgrace his comrades, either by corruption, drunkenness, or other form of vice common to undisciplined, and, for the matter of that, disciplined, humanity. The honour of the "Regiment" is dear to officers and men alike.

Entrance to the R. I. C. is not by any means difficult, provided, of course, that the candidate possesses the necessary physical and educational qualifications. In height, a man should attain at least 5 feet 9 inches, his chest should measure 37 inches, his teeth, eyesight, and lungs must be sound. Candidates must be between eighteen and twenty-eight years of age. The literary examination consists of a fairly elementary test in reading, writing and arithmetic. Applications for entrance should be made in writing to the Inspector-General, R. I. C. Office, Dublin Castle.

A recruit spends his first six months in the R. I. C. Depot, Phœnix Park, Dublin. Here he undergoes a varied and somewhat stringent course of training. He is taught to box, to wrestle, to swim, and by diligent practice in the "gym" he soon assumes a soldierly appearance. The R. I. C. being a semi-military force, the recruit must also undergo a course of instruction in musketry.

LEARNING THE WORK.

He spends a certain portion of time at what is technically called "school." Here he is initiated into the mysteries of modern detective systems. He is taught how to use the deductive method in tracking criminals, and he is strongly advised to peruse the detective works of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

An acquaintance is also made with the more important Acts of Parliament. The Criminal Code must be thoroughly digested. Recruits are remunerated during their time at the depot at the rate of fifteen shillings a week.

When a recruit is certified as proficient, he is designated a constable, and is assigned to a station. Usually he is sent to some wild and lonely, yet romantic, spot. Here, if he is blessed with a decent sergeant, and jolly comrades—there are never less than five men all told in a barrack—he should have a good time.

He is paid a salary of £54 12s. in his first year. There are, however, various extras in the form of allowances for this, and allowances for that. A garden is attached to every police-station, so that a man's living expenses are never more than 7s. 6d. a week.

An Irish policeman in a country station has many glorious opportunities for sport. He has plenty of shooting, fishing, and cross-country running. He is always in the fresh air, and he has no worries. He is in demand at many social functions, such as weddings, dances, christenings and the like. The Irish farmer considers himself honoured by the presence of "the peeler" at his occasional merry-makings.

Again, if a man be studious, he has wonderful opportunities for promotion. All the higher posts are flung open to competition. Examinations are held annually by the Civil Service Commissioners.

WHERE MERIT SCORES.

Favouritism is unknown ; merit meets its due reward. A policeman of ability has only himself to blame if he does not succeed eventually in obtaining a county inspectorship, a post carrying a salary of considerably over £600 a year.

Finally, to the lover of the open air, to the man who loves the clash of arms, but dislikes the army, to the seeker after health, happiness, and good-fellowship, a life in the R.I.C. must appeal with great force.

Twenty-eight years' service qualifies for a full pension—that is, two-thirds the rate of salary at the time of retirement. Men are, however, at liberty to resign when they please.

JOHN J. MACCAFFREY.

RUBBISH.

It is a good time just now, when our houses or diggings are undergoing that process known as spring-cleaning, to give a thought to the accumulations of books, papers, letters, and the innumerable odds and ends that we are all so fond of accumulating.

The habit of stowing things away, whether they are useful or useless, is very strong in most men. We seldom like to destroy anything that comes into our possession. But once let us bring all these accumulations out into the light of day, and a spring-day at that, and we shall begin to wonder what in the world caused us to keep them.

Then, in an old suit, and armed with brush and duster, we shall run through the lot. The worst offenders in the pile are the cheap paper-cover editions of books. There is no thing in the world so utterly, irredeemably, shabbily shabby as a worn paper-cover book. Two of them will spoil the appearance of the most comfortable room. They are enemies to comfort.

Then as to newspapers and other periodicals. Perhaps from time to time something struck you as worth preserving in these things. Whatever it was you cannot discover now, so that it was probably nothing really worth filing. Throw these away, and make a vow never to put a newspaper away again. If you want to keep a cutting, cut it out and put it at once into your cuttings-book.

There are, too, old catalogues, old programmes, old letters, old everything ! Turn them all out, see them taken away ; then wash, heave a sigh of relief, and enjoy the sense of having put your house in order !

The Old Street

A REVERIE.

By W. H. HAYTER.

To some men it is given to pass along many ways, to feel beneath their feet the pavements of many cities, to leave their footprints on the highways of half the world.

You [illegible], when night has fallen and all is still, when the clock is ticking on into the small hours, the little spirit of Memory awakes and brings before the mind just one of all those ways, of all those streets, of all those roads.

It is the Old Street—that has played such a part in the lives of many men. . . . As you smoke your pipe the picture of it arises, delicately lined as an etching in sepia, before the mind's eye. And then it is as though the whirr of cinematograph had started. The sepia-brown figures, at your behest, have begun to move. Hazy, and just a little hard to recognise are those that pass slowly along that way, for they are those you first knew in the little town where first you saw the light.

They are bent figures most of them, too; figures of old men whom you missed from the Old Street ere your immature mind had time to visualise them clearly. That man was a crony of your grandfather's before you. You remember that, to your disgust—for in those days you hated demonstrations of affection—it was his habit to lift you up when you were out with that pretty, grey-bonneted woman, and brush his beard against your cheek. Yet you had to bear all this in order that you might take into your own hand the old yellow walking-stick on which were fashioned those awesome dragons that delighted, though they half-frightened, you.

Walking a little farther on, and tightly grasping the hand of the grey-bonneted lady, for whose presence (in spite of all your manliness) you were grateful as a protection against the dragons, should any elect to indulge in one of their fabled appearing-from-nowhere habits, the jolly old fat man in the tall hat stood next to your view. He was always the breeziest sort of person, and you failed to follow up his bewildering query anent the health of the Romans ("How are the Romans, boy?"), with a visit to the little low-windowed, sweetstuff shop, where all the good gifts of the fairies were contained in tall, glass jars.

It was that sort of shop, you remember, that you decided to keep when you should become a man. The toffee was the staple article of diet upon which you intended to live a life of perpetual sweet-eating.

But that view of the Old Street passed with the passing of those affectionate, gay, or crusty old gentlemen, who, with their wonderful tales, their bounteous generosity, or their unappreciated head-pattings, hobbled, stepped briskly, or stumped into another Street that the grey-bonneted lady told you was paved entirely with gold.

And now you are favoured with a vision of the Old Street distinguished for once by a really important personage walking along it. On that day he took the sunny side in all the pride of his manhood, for did he not know that around his neck gleamed the whitest and highest of first stand-up collars? He is swinging a stick and smoking with an ultra-ducal air an ostentatiously gold-tipped cigarette.

This young man was evidently proof against the various grimaces of other personages of the same size, but less importance, who accosted him, for he kept his eyes steadfastly to the front, and only nodded now and again to town councillors and people on the same errand as himself.

And when he met a certain grave man, it was only an accident, surely, that caused him to drop and stamp on that cigarette?

But when you get a clearer view of that man's face and his quiet smile, you remember him as the best of fathers—one, alas! who takes neither the way of the Old Street nor any other to his office now.

And now it is a glimpse of the Old Street at night that emerges from the fading portrait of the grave man—the portrait that had grown in your dimming eyes until all else was blotted out. That young man is waiting at the familiar Corner where all lovers have had their trysting-place from time immemorial. His shoulders are broadened now and his face is clearer cut, and has a new light of happiness in it.

As though he happened to be standing at the Corner by accident he has dropped into casual conversation with the stalwart guardian of the peace, who could prove himself an encyclopædia of love-stories had he the inclination. That sergeant of police is only too evidently taking none too seriously the young man's queries as to whether his friend has passed that way. He even goes to the length of jovially digging that free citizen in the ribs as a pretty shop-girl hurries past, for all the world as if she is in haste to get as far away from the Corner as possible.

But her quick glance, which fails utterly in its intention to convey that she is at her wits' end to know why that young man should raise his cap to her, reveals all upon which the limb of the law would have soaked his new parade-tunic.

The young man bids him good-night hurriedly, and catches the pretty shop-girl before she turns the Corner. Look as long as you will, but you will not see those two in the Old Street again in this vision—for there are no seats, by the way, in the Old Street and the lighting is good for a country town.

Again it is the Old Street by day—a day that is to be eventful indeed for that same young man. It augurs well for him that the shopkeepers have had to pull down their sunblinds, although it is but early. As you look, an open cab dashes gaily into your field of vision, and in that cab someone you recognise easily enough is lounging back with all the importance of one who is about to take a very long journey. He pulls up to shake hands with eminent greybeards. It is an important progress. He airily indicates his baggage, he shows a letter, he laughs, and then, as the good men lay their hands on his shoulder and speak seriously to him, there is that on his face which reminds you forcibly of the grave man.

Somehow it seems that these who talk with him see the likeness also. For a space they speak of such things as honest endeavour rewarding a father's patient hope of years.

And now the young man has taken his seat again, a pensive look in his face. The gaiety in his eyes, you will see, is replaced by the look of a man who sallies forth bravely to do battle with a world that loves a good fighter.

As he nears the Corner he turns his head quickly back. Until that time when he shall pass that way as a man who has made his way in the world, he has seen the last of the Old Street.

A BOOT-CLEANING PROBLEM.

Nowadays, when boot-polishes are as many and as varied as the different brands of whisky, and with leather brought to perfection for polishing purposes, it is not everybody who can make a pair of boots shine as they ought to shine.

The day has gone by when blacking could be smudged over boots and a second brush brought into hard and prolonged play until some sort of a shine was produced.

It is often difficult to find the exact polish and method of polishing that give the best results for any particular pair of boots. It is worth while, therefore, to have the boots polished by different boot blacks, and to watch both their methods and materials and the results attained.

Many useful hints can be gleaned thus, and you may be able to strike just the polish your boots will take best.

BOXING POINTS.

SOME MAXIMS THAT MAKE FOR GOOD FORM.

Don't "swing" more than you can help. Straight-arm punches are much more telling.

* * *

Don't be too eager. It is always a good plan to "feint" extreme fatigue. This leads your adversary to relax his caution.

* * *

Spar carefully the first round or two. This will enable you to "size up" your opponent's form, and discover his weak points.

* * *

Don't turn your toes in. If you do you will trip over your adversary's next time he "leads."

* * *

The only way of getting out of a "corner" is to "feint" a lead and then side step.

* * *

Breathe, as far as possible, through your nose. If you open your mouth, and receive a flush hit on it, your teeth are bound to suffer.

* * *

A ten-stone man, who is quick on his feet, will, other things being equal, beat a fourteen-stone man who is slow in his movements.

* * *

Don't let your "guard" be too high or too low. Keep it midway between your head and your "wind."

* * *

Practise "stepping back" quickly and easily. This is the best way of guarding a body-blow.

* * *

Remember that ability to "get away" is just as important as quickness and power in leading. If you lead and miss, and then can't get away, you are done for.

WM. REID.

HOW TO BE POPULAR

A BRIEF LESSON IN THE ART.

When you hear it said of a man that he is loved by women and liked by his fellow-men, you are safe to assume that he possesses most of those characteristics which are described as estimable.

To be such a one, to be popular with the men you meet and to be deserving of popularity, is a praiseworthy ambition.

I do not propose to deal in this article with the popularity of a man so far as women are concerned, because that will follow as a matter of course if he becomes genuinely popular with other men. What I intend to do is to give a few hints which may be useful to those who are well-meaning and desirous of becoming popular, but who, for several reasons, have not succeeded.

LISTENING WELL.

It is by no means necessary to be clever or accomplished in order to be popular. Very often the most popular man in the club is by no means brilliant, and the brilliant man who would fain have such popularity is apt to write him down as an ass; but the popular man is never an ass, although it may take some investigation to discover his good points.

More often than not his chief merit lies in his faculty of being a good listener.

Most men like to talk, and chiefly they talk about themselves. Anyone can listen by determining to do so, even to the dullest conversation, but the good listener always seems to the talker to be not merely listening patiently, but to be actually interested in what is being said.

It is worth while training yourself to become a good listener. Listen with interest, which must not be exaggerated, to everything that other men have to say to you. Listen attentively and sympathetically even to a bore. If the conversation is unbearably dull you can always cut it short by using a little tact—by discovering that the hour is later than you thought, or by spotting some other man who wants to speak to you.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Another sure road to popularity is the possession of a knowledge of music. A man who can play the piano will always receive as many invitations as he wishes. If he can sing a little also so much the better.

It is not every man who can devote the time necessary to becoming an expert pianist, but most of us can find sufficient leisure to learn a tune or two, and the ability to execute even a few melodies is sufficient to make a man welcome wherever he goes.

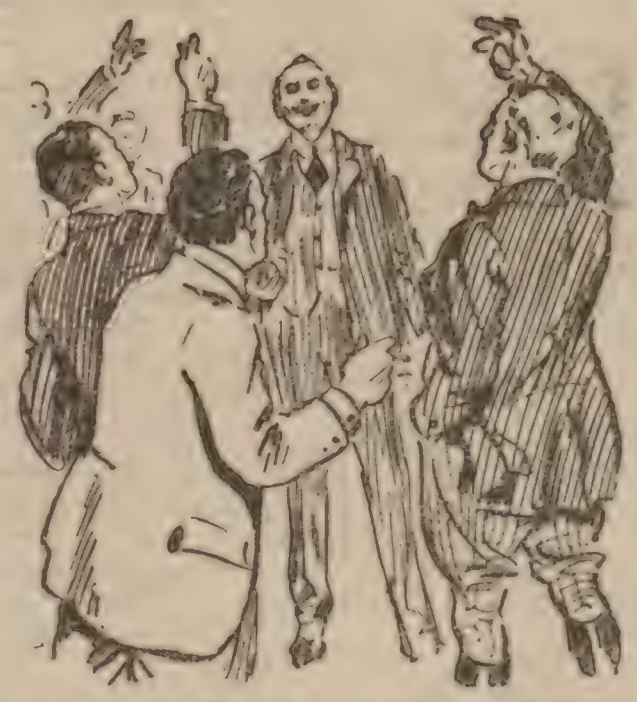
The popular man refrains from doing many things that others do by impulse. He refrains, for example, from discussing other men who are not present, but who are known both to himself and to his companion. It is seldom that he speaks evil of anyone, and never is he known to disclose any statement that has been made to him in confidence.

"USEFUL" MEN

Having this reputation, he is entrusted with many confidences, and when a man has made a confidant of you he has extended to you the very hall-mark of intimate friendship.

There are some men who court popularity by making themselves useful. They are always ready to do a service for any of their friends or acquaintances and the gratitude shown to them for these services is excusably misinterpreted as evidence of popularity. In most cases, however, they are described by those who know them best as "useful" men, and it is only for their usefulness that they are received so well as they are.

To be popular it is necessary to be the



possessor of a kindly disposition. Kindliness impels one instinctively to be obliging, but to be obliging is quite a different thing from putting one's self to great inconvenience for the sake of other people.

A sense of humour is always to be found in the man who is popular with his fellow-men. He can tell a good story, and he can see the point of a good story that is told to him. He never laughs just to please, and he never laughs at the wrong time.

SPORT AND POLITICS.

Success in sport or athletics will make a man popular with most other men, but such prowess is not essential to popularity. Some of the most popular men within the writer's knowledge are far from being talented in the sphere of sport.

The man who desires to be popular should be careful as to the expression of his opinions. He may be an ardent Liberal or Unionist, and he will probably be respected all the more by those of an opposite political faith for possessing strong convictions as to the correctness of his own views; but if he is wise, he will not obtrude these views upon other people except in a humorous way.

The same applies to religion. A man is all the more popular if it is known that he has a firm and definite religion; but, unless he is a parson by profession, he does not preach that religion to other people out of season.

A NATURAL GIFT.

The observation of these hints may assist some who have sought unsuccessfully for popularity; but the greatest secret of all is one which I fear cannot be learned, and must be considered as a gift—it is kindness of heart.

The man who is kind is forgiven most of his sins, even in this world, and he is put by his nature at least half-way towards the goal of popularity.

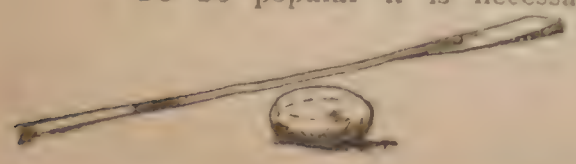
C. Wolff.

THE TOD SLOAN SEAT.

There are some signs of the "monkey on a-stick" form of racehorse riding, which went more or less out of fashion since Tod Sloan's day, coming into vogue again; but it is to be hoped that this will not be so. It is notoriously dangerous, especially for boy-riders.

How can a boy hold in a shying and swerving two-year-old when perched practically on his mount's neck with a short stirrup?

The seat is not an English one. It is unsafe as well as unsightly, and it is very doubtful whether it makes for speed.



MAN, THE ADAPTABLE.

HOW HE CAN RISE ABOVE HIS SURROUNDINGS.

Although intensely conservative in many respects, man is a wonderfully adaptable creature.

At least, this is true of the white man, and still more particularly so of the Briton, whilst the most adaptable of Britons is the Scotsman.

True, the Scot never forgets his native land; he takes his customs and preserves his national independence and characteristics wherever he goes.

In this respect he is not so adaptable as the Irishman. The Irish-American is more American than many of the descendants of the Mayflower settlers. The Canadian or Australasian Scot, on the other hand, remains a Scotsman first and foremost.

Nevertheless, Paddy does not settle down in a new land in the way that Sandy does. This is why the Scot is such a great colonist, and incidentally why he succeeds as he does in England.

He has his prejudices, his ineradicable habits and customs, but he does not obtrude them. He sees what is good in other races and lands and adapts it to his own use. He is not only adaptable, but a great "adaptor."

My intention, however, was not to discuss national characteristics, but man's adaptability in general.

The savage is not adaptable. Take him away from his native land, and he will pine and wither both mentally and physically.

Among civilised men, the Frenchman is perhaps the least adaptable. He is never really well or really happy outside his beloved France.

But you may take the Briton from his mild, humid climate, plant him in the tropics, and he will make himself at home.

You never know what you can put up with till you try. Take a man like Captain Scott, the Antarctic explorer. At home he would be seriously upset, or certainly he would be most uncomfortable, if for any reason he missed his morning tub for even one day. Yet he goes to the Antarctic and does without a bath for several months on end.

The rich man's son, brought up to every kind of luxury and comfort, wonders how the clerk can manage to support existence on twenty-five shillings a week.

Then perhaps his father comes to grief, and he is turned out into the world to earn his living.

He who was always in debt on an allowance of £500 a year, now manages to live on £1 a week and is mighty thankful to get it.

His stomach quickly adapts itself to much less to eat, to plain boiled beef and dumplings in place of the lavish menus of a fashionable club or restaurant, and I need hardly say is all the better for the change.

"Little Mary's" adaptability is simply wonderful. Indeed, she is a thought too adaptable. Of course she will make you pay in the end, but she will let you do many things in the way of eating and drinking for a long, long time without sending in the bill.

The surgeon cuts and carves you about and removes important parts of the mechanism, but the body quickly adapts itself to the new conditions.

Men say "Oh, I couldn't possibly do so-and-so," then Fatesays "Do it," and they hasten to obey.

The delicate brainworker who has never done a day's manual labour in his life gets shipwrecked on a desert island, and soon learns how to build a hut.

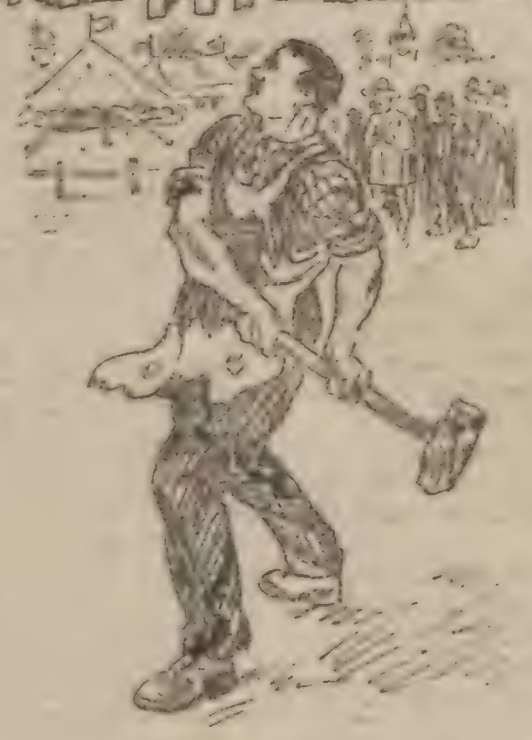
The man who has never gone in for sport is put down on a spot where if he wants any dinner he must first catch it, and he soon adapts himself to the life of a hunter.

It is easier, perhaps, for a rich man to reduce himself to poverty than for a poor man to wear sudden riches easily, but a good man will do it.

Man can get used to anything, and can rise above his surroundings, and herein he is superior to the animals, who are mainly "creatures of circumstance."

C. Summers.

Our Village Athletic Meeting



SPORTS THAT PROVIDE SOME FUN.

There is often far more fun to be got out of the humble athletic meeting in some poky country town than the greatest of contests at Queen's Club or Stamford Bridge.

The arrangements are often delightfully primitive. No carefully-levelled cinder-track to run on, only coarse, unprepared turf. The distances have been arrived at mainly by guesswork. The starter wields a pistol about the size of a blunderbuss, and being unused to the same he takes up a position close behind and facing the runners for the hundred yards. The result is that one of the competitors gets a blank charge in his back, and running like a frightened hare wins in "ten seconds dead," as recorded by the turnip-like silver watch of the timekeeper.

The costumes of the competitors are as colourful as they are varied. Most of them affect shirts of a brilliant hue and extremely flimsy pants. The blacksmith, who runs in the quarter-mile and wins it, wears his ordinary toil-stained trousers, while a stout, farmer-looking man sports a pair of thick woollen stockings and disdains footwear of any kind.

His distance is the mile, and I should say he progressed at the rate of one and a half miles an hour. But he is determined to finish, and on the occasion I am thinking of he is still "running" long after the race is over and the next event is well in progress.

VARIETY OF STYLE.

Extraordinary styles abound. Some are frankly modelled on the styles of famous athletes, but though the mannerisms are there, the genius is not.

At the same time, there are some fine natural performers.

This tall, heavy young chap here—he has all the springs of a great high jumper. He trots straight up to the bar, rises with a lightness surprising in so heavy a man, and goes over clean as a whistle, feet close together.

The hammer-throwing is a new event, introduced for the first time, and for the safety of the village I sincerely hope it will be barred in future years.

The hammer is the blacksmith's heavy hammer, borrowed for the occasion. The competitors send it hurtling in every direction save the right one, and manslaughter is not done, goodness only knows.

Information is also wanting as to how long the hammer-throwing would have lasted, had not the blacksmith himself sent it flying into the refreshment tent, where it smashed up a dozen of beer—to say nothing of Bill Gregory's head.

VILLAGE IDIOCRASY.

Nobody minds much about Bill's head except Bill himself, but the beer is recognised as a serious matter, and hammer-throwing is promptly vetoed as dangerous.

The news of the Olympic Games having reached the village, the "discus" is included among the events. The "discus" in this case is a heavy iron quoit, and here again the danger is extreme. Indeed, it is only the rector's wife's parasol that saves her life.

I fear the prizes would not meet with the approval of the Amateur Athletic Association, for they are mostly in cash. Still, I don't know that the five shillings which Jack Larkins gets for winning the mile is likely seriously to corrupt his athletic morals. After all, is there so much difference between the five shillings in cash of this village meeting and the "prize value ten guineas" which the athlete secures at a big meeting, and as often as not promptly pawns or sells for gold?

And there are other irregularities at this meeting. Runners jostle each other in the most shameless manner, and the judge, having backed a man in the 220 yards handicap, cheers him in as he nears the tape, and promptly awards him a race which he had lost by a good half-yard.

But it is all very jolly and good-humoured. The people are out for a day's fun, and they have it.

I had almost forgotten the "cock-fighting," with the human trussed fowls placed toe to toe on a line to thrust and crow at each other until one rolls over on his back.

RACES FOR ALL.

There is the veteran's race, too, for which the jolly, sixty-year-old landlord of the "Chough and Whistle" turns out. He is on the scratch mark, but wins easily, revealing something of the sprinting powers that made him a Sheffield Handicap winner in his younger days.

There is the girls' race and the boys' race, while the race for the band, each man carrying and blowing his instrument, provokes wild fun.

Unfortunately, however, there are minor athletic meetings far less innocent and enjoyable than this one I have attempted to describe.

A good story is told of Mr. Moneypenny, the famous Cambridge quarter-miler, and a local meeting in which he once took part.

He had won his heat in a 440 yards handicap, and shortly before the final a veteran with a good start approached Moneypenny with the suggestion that he should lose in consideration of receiving ten shillings.

"Sir," was the great runner's reply, "in the first place, if you will take the trouble to look at your card, you will see that the value of the prize is £5, and if you think I am going to sell a £5 chance for ten shillings, you don't know a Scotsman; secondly, I very much fancy my chance of coming in several yards in front of you; and, thirdly, you seem to be labouring under the very mistaken idea that I am a professional. I shall consider the question of reporting you to the committee."

Moneypenny won the race. F. L. Morris.

ETIQUETTE FOR SMOKERS.

SOME POINTS OF GOOD AND BAD FORM.

A correspondent wants to know whether on raising his hat to a lady he should remove his cigarette from his mouth.

Every time, laddie, every time. Indeed, in the old days a gentleman passing close to ladies in public would remove his cigar or pipe—'twas before the age of cigarettes—even though they were strangers. But then in those days gentlemen rarely smoked in the streets—at least, the streets of a big city—and it would scarcely be possible to carry out such a rule now in busy thoroughfares.

Still, in places where ladies are not numerous, it is certainly feasible and courteous to refrain from smoking when passing them. There are still plenty of ladies who dislike the smell of tobacco, and to puff a cloud of smoke in their faces as they pass is ill-mannered.

As to saluting or speaking to a lady while retaining pipe, cigar, or cigarette in your mouth, nothing could be worse form.

I believe in showing all possible consideration to the other sex on every and any occasion, but I confess I have no sympathy with the lady who gets into a smoking carriage and then plainly shows her disapproval of the weed.

Now and then a lady may inadvertently or unavoidably get into a "smoker," and if you see that the smoke is making her really uncomfortable, you will, of course, desist; but the majority of women deliberately crowd into smoking carriages, and deserve no consideration.

On the other hand, smokers are often most inconsiderate in the way in which they occupy the front seats of a 'bus or tramcar. Most of us smoke too much, and if we refrained from smoking on those occasions when we may be causing annoyance or discomfort to other people we should be better in health and better in manners.

Some men are fond of a cigarette in the middle of a meal. I believe this practice is physiologically bad, but that is your affair. Don't, however, when with friends, light up in the middle of a meal unless you are *quite* sure they don't mind.

I was lunching with a party the other day, and after the fish a man, whom I had not met before, and sha'n't break my heart if I don't meet again, said, perfunctorily, "Hope nobody minds!" and lit up a cigarette, and he had another after the next course.

Now, I know that in a restaurant you may often have to eat your meal to the accompaniment of smoke from other lunchers or diners, but still this does not seem to me quite the same thing as one of a party smoking in the middle of a meal.

It is said that when a Spaniard gives you a cigar, he lights his own cigar first and then hands you the match or lights your cigar for you. The Englishman, on the other hand, strikes a match and holds it to your cigar first. He sounds the politer of the two, but the Spaniard's idea is that by the time he has lighted up the match will be burning properly for you. I believe that in Spain they use those awful sulphur matches, and certainly to light and immediately to put one of these under the nose of a stranger would be both cruel and insulting.

Some men cannot smoke Egyptian or Turkish cigarettes, while to others the brand of Virginia is abhorrent. What should you do, supposing that you are a devotee of Virginia and you are out dining and your host only possesses Egyptians, which you know will upset you?

Unquestionably, the highest form of politeness would be to take an Egyptian and pretend to like it. Alternatively you may pretend that you don't smoke or have given up smoking temporarily.

At the same time, though it is not strictly polite, I do not see any real objection to your saying frankly that Egyptians disagree with you, asking permission to light up one of your own Virginias.

On the other hand, to light up your own Egyptians or Virginias in preference to your host's brand of the same would be distinctly rude.

E. H. Hill.

TALES OF THE RING.

SOME INTERESTING STORIES ABOUT FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS.

Almost every big fight or boxing contest has some good story attached to it; and here is one about the fight between Corbett and Sullivan.

Corbett, as we all know, is an Irish-American, for his father was an Irishman by birth; and this story illustrates the delicious inconsequence that so often characterises the sons of Erin.

Corbett had tried in vain to get his parent down to the hall where the contest was to take place; but the old gentleman was deaf to all his son's entreaties.

"Me poor bhoy," he kept on saying to the young pugilist, "Sullivan, the great big divil, is bound to bate ye; an' I cudn't come an' see ye kilt; for its sore afraid I am that ye'll be kilt entoirely."

The anxious father spent the whole time of the fight pacing up and down the smoke-room of one of New York's biggest sporting clubs; and his agonised wails gave the other members no peace.

"Och, me poor bhoy Jim!" he kept on crying. "He'll be kilt, I *know* he will! Och, why did he want to go an' foight a great big brute iv a man loike Sullivan? Sullivan's got th' experience iv two iv Jim. Och, me poor bhoy! I *know* he'll be kilt!"

Men tried to distract his attention with offers of tempting drinks; but with no avail. Old Corbett turned a deaf ear to them, and continued wailing "Me poor bhoy! . . . He'll be kilt! . . . Och, me poor bhoy Jim! . . . . ."

At last the news arrived that Corbett had won; and the old man nearly went mad with joy. "*Didn't I tell yez?*" he asked triumphantly. "Oi towld yez me bhoy Jim 'ud knock the shtummick out iv Sullivan!"

Mr. Eugene Corri, the famous referee, recently told the writer the following story, illustrating the superiority of boxing science over mere muscular strength.

A well-known "strong man" who performed mighty weight-lifting feats on the music-hall stage was wont to boast that no fighting man could beat him in a ring contest.

"If I got into grips with Johnson," he once said to Mr. Corri, "I'd knock him silly."

The well-known referee smiled.

"Perhaps," he answered significantly. "*If* . . ."

It is not generally known that Fitzsimmons owed his famous victory over Jim Corbett to a woman; and that woman was Fitzsimmons' own wife, whom the British public had an opportunity of seeing when the pugilist made a tour, accompanied by his spouse, of certain English music-halls.

He was, it is said, showing signs of "grogginess," to use a term of the ring, as the end of the contest approached; and Mrs. Fitzsimmons, observing this from her seat not far from the ring-side, shouted out to her husband: "Don't box with him, dear. Go in and fight him! *Sling your maulers into his hoops!*"

It was this essentially good advice, delivered, too, in vigorously masculine phraseology, that woke Fitzsimmons up. He went in and won.

If space permitted, it would be possible to enumerate several other instances where a boxer has profited to no small extent through the timely advice of his wife.

There are many women who not only take a keen interest in boxing, but who also have an exact and useful knowledge of the science.

It is not pleasant to think it of so good a sportsman and so plucky a fighter as Tommy Burns, but he undoubtedly did not show the best possible feeling towards Jack Johnson. An incident which occurred in a newspaper office in London where the two were signing articles for their big fight is an illustration of this.

After signing, Johnson held out his hand to Burns, but the latter would not take it.

"No," he said, looking scornfully at the black. "I don't mind fighting a nigger, but I won't shake!"

H. Webster.

MY NOTEBOOK.

SHARES. Please see page 3.

Next week I shall again invite you to take shares in The Modern Man, Ltd., and I shall do so in proper legal form, so that no enterprising common informer will have an opportunity of finding technical breaches of the law in the announcement.

CHEAP ADVERTISING.

I have been accused in certain quarters of having deliberately sought for the various law cases in which I and this paper have recently been involved, in order that I might obtain publicity at a very small cost.

There is no truth in the suggestion.

I have not sought for litigation. It has come to me unasked, but it has been none the less profitable.

Take, for example, the case which is reported on page 3 of this week's number. We had to pay to the National Exchequer for our technical offence the nominal fine of 40s., and also 6s., which went to the informer, Mr. Alfred Henri Edwards.

The cost to us has been very small indeed, but the advertisement we have received has been enormous.

There have been printed in the editorial pages of many newspapers reports of this case. Such notices we could not have purchased for less than many hundreds of pounds.

That induces me to make the following offer.

If anyone else will come forward and give us an equal amount of advertising at a proportionately small cost, I shall be happy to present him with a very substantial bonus.

THE VALUE OF A UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

I am very glad to see that a proposal is afoot to make it possible for all teachers to obtain what are called the advantages of a University education.

I do not desire to see the country saddled with unnecessary expense, but the matter of the education of the rising generation, and the training of those who educate them, is, in my opinion, of such importance that I think we should be thoroughly justified in spending money on such a scheme.

The usefulness of a University education is admitted by some and denied by others. The fact that a man can write the letters M.A. after his name is to some people almost a matter for awe and reverence, but I do not think that in itself a degree proves very much.

In my own youthful days I am afraid that I devoted more time to sport than I did to work, but I happen to be the possessor of a strangely accurate memory; at least, it is accurate and retentive for a period of two weeks, or perhaps three. That particular faculty saw me through my examinations, and enabled me to take a degree with double honours in record time.

Perhaps it is because of the ease with which I took my own degree that my opinion of degrees in general is not very high.

What does it matter what letters a man can write after his name? The thing that does matter is the man himself, and it is only because I believe that our Universities turn out the best type of men, or at least give facilities for young men to develop their best characteristics, that I esteem University training.

All of life is a struggle. In business you are fighting to do better than your competitors. At the University you are fighting to beat your friends at sport as well as in work. But there is an essential difference, for at the University there is no sort of vindictiveness, and the conquered is always ready to shake hands with his vanquisher. There is an atmosphere of masculine sympathy, of general understanding, of mutual helpfulness, that enables a man, at the time when his character is still in the process of formation, to check the worst of him and to bring out the best of him.

That is why I am glad that facilities are likely to be given for all our teachers to receive a University education.

'VARSITY SNOBBERY.

If the various classes knew one another better they would like each other more. An expressed opinion upon any class should be based upon acquaintance with several men of the class in question, and not upon one individual, however obtrusive his characteristics may be. It is unfair to say that University men are snobs. Some of them certainly are, but the majority of them are gentlemen.

There is, I know, an impression in many quarters that the University man is a bounder, and this impression is due, I believe, to the conduct of certain people—a very small minority—who, on leaving the University, go into the world of business with exaggerated mannerisms that are extremely offensive to other people.

The Public School and University man is inevitably a sort of hallmark upon him. He has his little mannerisms—and why should he not?—but he has not an exaggerated 'Varsity manner, neither has he an exaggerated 'Varsity accent. The man with the exaggerated 'Varsity drawl and the exaggerated 'Varsity cordiality is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a poor man who has obtained his education by the accident of possessing exceptional scholastic talent.

To the gentlemen whom he meets at the University the accent there is natural, and so are the customs and mannerisms. When they go out into the world they modify these things to avoid branding themselves as [illegible] longing to the University, but the man to whom all these things are new, and who regards them as a sort of passport to social status, takes these things out into the world with him in an exaggerated form that is bound to be offensive to those he meets.

It is all quite excusable. The man who imagines that University life counts for everything slavishly imitates and even caricatures the idiosyncrasies of it; these in their exaggerated form are always irritating, because they are not natural.

Let us hope that our teachers for whom it is likely that University education will be provided will have more sense.

JAS/EEH.

I have received from time to time inquiries from those to whom I have written as to the meaning of the letters JAS/EEH which appear at the foot of my letters.

Some of my correspondents quote these letters very carefully when they next write to me, on the supposition that this is some new form of letter-filing.

As a matter of fact, these letters simply indicate my own initials and those of the secretary who took down the shorthand notes and transcribed them on the typewriter.

It would, of course, be impossible for me to write personally all the letters which leave this office, but it is possible for me to dictate them, and, after all, I do not think that the average correspondent objects to receiving a typewritten letter instead of one in my own handwriting. If he only knew, he ought to like it much better, for my handwriting has the reputation of being extremely illegible.

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

RUNNING RESOURCE.

A TACTICAL ARTICLE FOR SPRINTERS AND STAYERS.

Just as, other things being equal, a horse race is won by the jockey who displays the most finished generalship, so does a foot race fall to the runner who is the acutest in husbanding his staying powers or making the best use of his turn of speed. The expression "a well-run race," so often met with in sporting papers, denotes more than an event pluckily fought out. It means a race that was won by brains acting in conjunction with muscle.

Foot races are usually divided into three classes—sprints, short distances, and long distances. A sprint is loosely anything from 100 yards to a quarter of a mile, though the latter is not really run in the manner of an actual sprint. The most usual short distance is half a mile, and the "longs" range from one mile upwards.

The tactical side of sprinting can quickly be passed over. The rule is to "go all out" from the crack of the pistol. A really good sprinter is going at such a pace when he breasts the tape that he cannot generally pull himself up before he has gone another twenty or twenty-five yards.

In the quarter-mile, too, there is hardly much scope for tactics. In the ordinary way, the rule is to start at a good semi-sprinting pace, so as, if possible, to get a lead of your opponents which you can keep up all the way. But do not go so fast at the start as not to be able to stay the course, and leave a little wind in reserve for a final sprint at about the hundred yards distance.

Do not, however, make the fatal mistake in a quarter-mile of hanging back with your men and allowing them to husband too much of their strength and speed if they are faster sprinters than you. If you do, you will find that in the final sprint home they will "have you beat."

So much for the quarter; now a word about the half-mile. Whereas the quarter-mile approximates more or less closely to a sprint race, the "half" partakes more of the nature of a long-distance event. It is won by stayers rather than sprinters. The object, then, of a competitor in a half-mile race is to make the fullest use of his stamina.

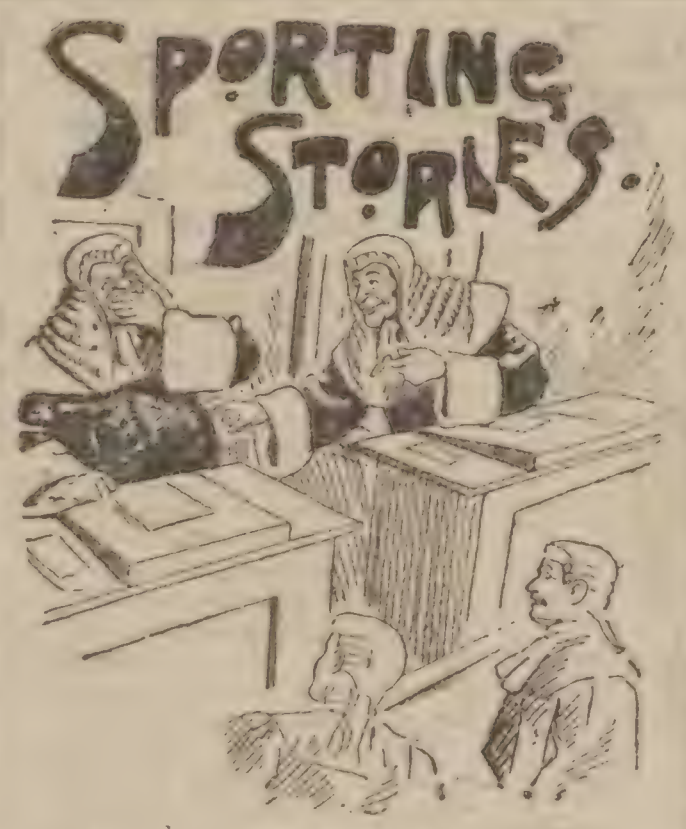
Again, as in a quarter-mile, he starts off at a good pace, so as to test his opponents' mettle; but he is careful not to keep this rate of speed up for long. At about two hundred yards he lets his pace slacken by degrees, and spins along comfortably, saving his wind, at a speed that will allow him conveniently to keep any lead he may have asserted over the other runners.

They probably put on a spurt to try to overtake him, but he continues his steady pace, content to let them "wind" themselves, until they come abreast of him, when, if he is wise, he puts on another little sprint, and passes them again. Worrying tactics pay in a half-mile race. But here, again, don't forget the vital importance of saving your wind for a last sprint home.

Except for the fact that the race is twice as long, there is little difference in the ordinary tactics used in a mile race from those for the "half." Worrying tactics pay here, too.

Long-distance races proper—say, from four miles upwards—are easily disposed of. The wise runner jogs along with his field for about a quarter of a mile, sizing them up all the way, and then he either shoots ahead, and leaves them, or fights out an even race according to the standard of comparison they set up for him.

BUY *What You Want,*
SELL *What You Don't Require,*
By an advertisement in our Readers' Sale and Exchange, on page 3 of Cover.



HESITATING.

The lady with the plain felt hat and the rather severe mouth presented herself at the ticket office of the cinematograph theatre.

"Tell me," she said, addressing the clerk in charge, "are the pictures exhibited in this place strictly moral and proper?"

The clerk in charge hesitated, and bit the corner of a ticket meditatively.

"Young man," said the lady, "why don't you answer me?"

"Because," he said, "we're not doing so very well that we can afford to lose a customer, and being young and innocent, I'm not a sufficiently good judge of female nature to know which way to answer."

CUPID AGAIN.

It was a beautiful romance, of the type that you sometimes see staged in a music-hall sketch. The one-time stable-boy had become a successful, expensive, and money-earning jockey. He had returned to the old place, and had asked the hand of the trainer's daughter in matrimony.

She gave her hand and the rest of her quite willingly into his keeping.

That is a kind of prologue. The story itself begins and ends twenty-four hours later, when they were sitting together on the verandah, under the cool, calm light of the silvery moon.

"Tom," she said, "just think. We've only been engaged for twenty-four tiny, tiny little hours."

"Yes," he said. "It seems as though it were but yesterday."

FEET.

He was from the country, and the delicacies to be had in the City restaurant did not appeal strongly to him.

"I say," he said to the waiter, "have you got pigs' feet?"

"No sir," said the waiter, "I'm troubled with corns; that's why I walk like this."

CALMING HER FEARS.

Dusk was falling, and the young wife became anxious about her husband, who had gone out for a ride earlier in the evening.

She went round to the stables, and discussed the matter with the groom.

"I trust," she said, "that nothing has happened to your master. Surely, if he had been thrown and hurt, the mare would have found her way home by this time."

"Oh no, she wouldn't, ma'am," replied the groom. "She's a nice, well-mannered, good-hearted little beast, and she'd have browsed round the body till it was found."

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

"Pa," said the little boy.

"Please be quiet," said his father.

"But, please Pa, I want to know——"

"And I want to read."

"Please Pa, I——"

"Be quiet, sir!"

"But," persisted the little boy, "I want to know something about——"

"My child," said his father, "have you never heard that curiosity once killed a cat?"

"I don't want to be killed, pa," said the little boy, "so I won't ask about what I wanted to know."

There was a brief interval, during which the little boy's father was permitted to read his newspaper in peace.

Then the little boy asked: "Please, pa, what was it that the cat wanted to know?"

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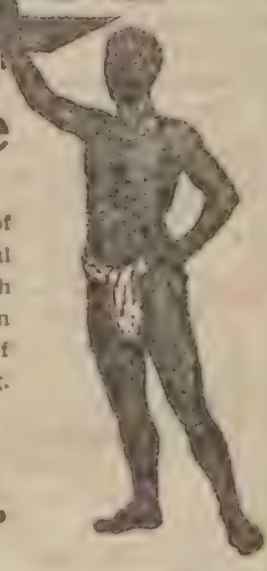

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If you are unable to obtain Hill's "NYASA" send a postcard to the sole makers, **R. & J. HILL, Ltd., 175a, Shoreditch, London, E.,** who will supply List of Agents and Free Testing Samples if desired.

R. & J.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

DANGERS OF TRAINING.

The anti-athletic crank, who is fortunately in a very small minority, is in the habit of holding up fearful examples of the result of over-indulgence in athletics, and talks much about "athlete's heart" and similar complaints.

However much we may despise those who systematically discourage sport and physical contests in general, we must look the facts in the face.

It is an undeniable fact that many professional pugilists have died of consumption, Peter Jackson being among the most famous, and that many physical trainers die before their time.

In some cases this may be due to dissipation and reaction after training, but in many cases it is caused by over-training, and by the fact that too long a period of rest and inactivity is indulged in between the spells of training.

The muscles and tissues which have been developed during training thus become atrophied by disuse. The heart, which may have become enlarged by strenuous exercise, is apt to degenerate and the arteries, on which a man's general condition so largely depends, begin to lose their elasticity.

All this tends to show the danger of spasmodic physical culture.

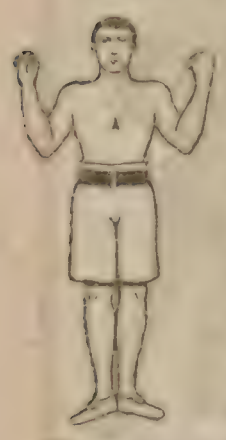
If you aim at abnormal development, you must make up your mind to continue to exercise the body adequately after that development has been obtained.

Suddenly to relapse into inactivity after a period of exceptionally hard exertion is merely to take a liberty with Nature, and she will most assuredly resent it in a practical manner.

FOR A GOOD CARRIAGE.

The starting position for this exercise is that illustrated below, with the heels together, and the arms bent at the elbows, and fists level with the shoulders.

Now with a smart lunge carry the right foot away to the right front, and at the same time throw out the right arm in the same direction, bending the body forward and extending the arm upwards, with the hand open, in the same line as the body.



The starting position.

Shoot the left arm downwards, also with the hand open, along the left thigh.

Then recover to the starting position with the arms bent and lunge in a similar way to the left, raising the left arm and extending the right arm along the right thigh.

When in this position the weight of the body should be thrown forward on the leg that is advanced, and only the toe of the other foot should remain on the ground.

Repeat the movements bringing to alternate sides.

This is an excellent exercise for the whole body, especially for the trunk, but to be of any use it must be performed smartly and briskly.

It is especially useful in correcting a bad carriage of the body and in giving grace of movement and figure.

PHYSICAL CULTURE AND CHEERFULNESS.

I have just been looking through a number of photographs of men of all ages who are among the leaders in the world of physical culture — some of them athletes, some doctors, some physical trainers.

The majority of them were Americans, but, I presume mankind is much the same physically on either side of the Atlantic.

What struck me particularly was the look of cheerfulness on all the faces. They all looked as if they were not only enjoying life, but found it rather a joke.

Yet many of them have achieved distinction in various walks of life besides those connected more intimately with physical matters.

It seems to be chiefly in the eyes that this expression of cheerfulness and a well-developed sense of humour comes out. The faces do not wear the set smile that the photographer so often produces, nor the grin of unrestrained humour; but there is a twinkle in the eyes that betokens perfect health and an interest in life, and makes one feel that the originals of the portraits would be very pleasant people to meet in the flesh.

You will usually find the same in any athletic club. The man whose hobby is physical culture in any shape or form, seems invariably to look more cheerful than the less energetic man.

A LEG DEVELOPER.

Stand erect, with the feet together, and place the hands on the hips, fingers to the front.

Bend the knees and sink down on the heels as shown in the sketch, poising on your toes but not allowing the knees to touch the ground.

From this position, spring into the air and slightly forward.

Straighten the body as you do so, so that it is stiff and rigid, with the arms close to the sides, before you reach the ground again.

A good deal of effort must necessarily be put into the spring in order that you may rise clear of the floor.

Spring into the air from this position.

In alighting on the ground, bend the knees slightly outward to break the shock, but keep the body erect and the hands by the sides.

Every muscle of the legs will be brought into play by this exercise, and it is a valuable one for keeping the knees and ankles supple.

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Shepherd's Bush Hotel (Annexe), London, W.

THE POWER OF SONG.

HOW IT CAN MOVE MEN AND NATIONS.

Among the greatest treasures of a certain famous singer, who desires me not to mention her name—although she is a singer she hates self-advertisement—is a letter from a man, a stranger.

The writer thereof says that some years before the date of his letter he was right down on his luck. Things had gone absolutely wrong; he had made a fool, if not worse, of himself; he was homeless, despairing, desperate. Suicide was within very measurable distance.

On his aimless slouch through the streets, when he was debating not so much whether he should destroy himself as to how he should do it, he happened to pass a concert-hall where the singer in question was advertised to be singing on that very afternoon.

He still had half a crown left. Moved by some sudden impulse he paid for admission and went in.

"It was not so much what you sang," he writes to her, "as the way you sang it that pulled me back from the abyss. Your singing seemed to give me new hope, to renew in me the desire to live. I went into that hall a suicide in all but deed; I came out of it determined to try again. Often I tried, often I failed, but at last I have succeeded. I write to tell you how all unconscious you saved a man's life, to say 'thank you'—and God bless you."

Great indeed is the power of the singer who can pluck a man from a suicide's grave.

Sometimes it is the song, sometimes the singer that counts, though no singer, however gifted, ever made a really poor song successful.

To touch men's hearts a singer must have not only art, but he must have "lived." He must have feeling, sympathy, and an understanding almost divine.

A flawless voice may please us, but it takes a touch of nature to move us.

As for the song itself, there have been songs that have made history, that have convulsed continents and upset thrones.

Would the French Revolution have been what it was without the Marseillaise? Ireland might either have been dominated or peaceful but for "The Wearin' o' the Green."

Claverhouse owed no small part of his success to the enthusiasm created by "Bonnie Dundee." Is there even now a Highlander who does not thrill to the strains of it?

When they turn nasty down Cornwall way, they still sing "And Shall Trelawney Die," and it's a bold man who would give them a reason why Trelawney should.

When a Welshman starts singing "Land of My Fathers" you may look for trouble.

"God Save the King" is the Englishman's national song. Often it is heard in circumstances commonplace, but when Wilson's Patrol was cut up on the banks of the Shangani River, Matabeleland, they died to the solemn requiem of "God Save the Queen."

A Scotsman must be pretty low down indeed if you cannot fire some spark of manly emotion in him with "Auld Lang Syne."

The American responds instantly to "The Star-Spangled Banner," or "John Brown's Body."

We hadn't a really good song for the Boer War—"The Absent-Minded Beggar" was too puerile for words; perhaps that was why we didn't do better.

It is futile, however, to criticise a song because it is apparently inane.

When you get a whole nation warbling a popular ditty there must be something in it.

Great is the power of song—and it prevails.

A. T. REEVES.

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THE Coupon below entitles you, as a reader of "The Modern Man," to one complimentary copy of a valuable book on How to Succeed in Business. Will you please send it to us to-day as only a few copies are available?

If you have not yet had your copy of this book, you must send at once, for it is a book that may set you on the right road to success, *as it has set thousands of others.* In itself, it is of considerable value to any business man, for it contains actual, facsimile specimens, showing how to draw up important legal documents, such as wills, agreements, leases, indentures, etc., etc.

The Vitally Important Point.

But—and this is its most vital point for you—it tells you also *all* about the great Business Encyclopædia, the work that THE MODERN MAN describes as "probably the most valuable work that any business man could have," and that for you may make just the difference between the mediocre so-called success that any hard-working man can attain, and the brilliant career that comes to few. We do not claim that the Business Encyclopædia will bring you success "lying down," but thousands of men to-day are *proving* that the Business Encyclopædia is a priceless boon to the man who wishes to get on.

Do You Wish to be a Failure?

If *you* wish to get on, and will use it aright, it will be a priceless boon to *you.* Its possession is almost as if you had behind you, helping you with advice and pushing you up the ladder of success, many of the most successful business men of the day. For these are the men who have written the Business Encyclopædia, practical men and enormously successful men. No matter what business you are in, however uncommon or intricate, you will find that your branch is treated, and treated by an expert. If you doubt it, just ask yourself these questions.

Is there *nothing* you could learn from Richard Burbidge, the Managing Director of Harrod's Stores, or from John Cansfield, the Managing Director of Lipton, Ltd.? Could not S. F. Edge, the famous expert in making and selling motor cars, help you to solve *any* of your problems? Would you not be glad to be able to go for advice to A. W. Gamage, who built his business from a little, one-man shop to its present huge dimensions? Or to John Lawrie, Managing Director of William Whiteley, Ltd.? Or to Sir Joseph Lyons? Yet all these men have helped to compile the Business Encyclopædia and they are only a few names taken at random from the wonderful list of contributors, who, between them, deal with every subject that could occur in business life to-day.

You may ask what these subjects are. Well, "The Business Encyclopædia" tells you all about business; just as an encyclopædia like "Chambers" is of value for general information, so is "The Business Encyclopædia" indispensable for business information.

It is the only work that gives full and detailed information on all the problems that confront the business man during his work. Whatever line of business you are in, whatever position you occupy in it, this work can prove invaluable to you if you will use it right. If you want to know about any point in book-keeping, "The Business Encyclopædia" will tell you. If you want to know about drawing up a balance sheet, or a profit and loss account, you will find it here. If you want to know the law as it affects your own particular calling, if you want to know anything about manufacturing, if you want to learn all about loose leaf and card index systems, you can learn it here. You can learn in fact of any and every subject connected with business. Will you risk losing this opportunity to learn about it *free?*

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THE REBEL

A SKETCH.

By S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.

INVOICE CLERK wanted; salary 30s Apply, with copies of references, Box 132—

So read the advertisement.

He answered it, delivering the letter at the newspaper office by hand, for pence were scarce.

Three days later he received a reply, requesting him to call on Messrs. Brown and Phillips, export merchants, of Cannon Street, E.C., at eleven o'clock that morning.

He devoted much care to his appearance.

At a minute to eleven he climbed unfamiliar steps to a landing terminating in a door marked "Enquiries"; passed through the door and found himself in a waiting-room, where already about a dozen men were seated—each of them, he readily guessed, a candidate for the vacant position of invoice clerk.

He met guarded glances and stepped unobtrusively over to a vacant place on the mahogany bench against the wall, sitting down and counterfeiting an expression of ease which he was far from feeling.

He wished he had got a newspaper.

Soon he felt himself sinking into the dismal quiet which seems to overcome men when they are in strange surroundings, and unknown to and a little suspicious of one another. Now and again a sound would arise—the shuffling of a foot, a cough, the rustling of a paper; but such furtive little noises only served to accentuate the enveloping stillness.

Facing the door through which he had entered were two doors, the one marked private, the other marked general office. He wondered what lay beyond them.

Somewhere in the distance a typewriter was clacking busily. Occasionally a shadow passed across the frosted panes of the general office door, while at intervals a murmuring voice could be heard.

It was all very solemn, very subdued, and infinitely depressing.

Afar back in his consciousness, as it seemed to him, a tiny sprite was dancing and grinning in mockery of the decorum of the occasion. Within this solemnity lived the element of the grotesque calling out to his spirit of humour; a grotesqueness that was ugly while still it impelled one to smile, like the daubs on the face of a sad-eyed clown.

What were they doing there, when all was said and done? A dozen grown men sitting in an atmosphere of grey lifelessness, men of differing ages and various conditions of respectability, some hopeful-looking, others anxious, a few pretending indifference—all waiting to be interviewed by some mysterious hitherto unseen Being who held in his hands the power of Life and Death.

Perhaps not quite so bad as that. But a Being who could say: "Here is a living; take it and be thankful!"

And even that meagre mercy only in store for one.

As for the rest. . . .

* * * * * * *

He began to see something wrong with this composite scheme of living.

It was not right that men should sit like sheep, dependent for misery or happiness on the will or whim of another.

What had become of their pride of individuality? Did they owe no respect to their Selves — that subtle, pervasive Ego which uplifts a man above the pettiness and tyrannies of life and shows him strange and shining splendours. . . . which awakes in him a knowledge of a destiny, and assures him that all are equal before the Lord God who created?

Then what were they doing there?

Servants seeking servitude.

Competitors for thirty shillings a week.

What a price for a man to put upon himself!

What was thirty shillings a week when one was called upon to surrender pride and the sweetness of freedom in exchange for it? It amounted to giving up all that life was worth living for in order to be allowed to live. A living for a living.

Sublime paradox!

* * * * * * *

Someone came out of the private office; another applicant went in. It would be his turn soon.

And suddenly it came upon him that where, before, he had been desperately anxious to secure this job, now he both dreaded and despised the gaining of it. For with it would go his manhood.

"I won't do it!" he said resolutely to himself. "I'd rather starve!"

"So you will," jeered his inward spirit of humour, "if you persist in this rebellion."

"I don't care," returned his braver part. "All my life—I can see it now—I've been a cringing thing of cowardice, afraid to act, fearful of departing from the easy beaten track, following blindly the lesser man's lead. Well, that's finished! I'll do something better with my life or lose it."

"You'll regret it," smirked humour.

"To hell with regrets!" said his self in reply. "I've had enough of them—and doubts—and funkings—and caution for safety! I'm going out. *Out*, I tell you! Into the world. Into Life."

"What to do?"

"To take my place as a man—not a slave. I'll find room. There's room for all in this spacious, big world. Oh, the world! The world which has been given to us, which we so cowardly neglect! I'm going out to see it, to take my part of it, to worship it!"

"You're behaving like a fool," snarled humour, as he abruptly stood up.

"We shall see," said his soul, with a silent great laugh.

And as he strode to the door the other men looked at him, wondering at the shine in his eyes and the brave gay smile on his lips.

He was no longer to be feared by *them* as a competitor.

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20 Models
QUADRANT

SATURDAY MORNING.

THE TRADESMAN'S POINT OF VIEW FROM A COUNTRY TOWN SHOP WINDOW.

It is a morning of many activities in and around our little provincial town.

If we can attract an extra score or so of purchasers by some novel display, we feel that two hours work in the very early morning, before the upper blinds are drawn in the houses of the town, have been well spent.

On no other morning of the week do the shops that line the old market-place make such efforts to be modern, up-to-date, and attractive.

This is partly done because our open cobbled space is the resort, on Saturday mornings, of a host of pedlars, stall-holders, cheap-jacks, and orange-box "auctioneers, who make up in noisy talk what their goods lack in quality and worth. At least, that is what we shopkeepers say.

It is intensely annoying to see a crowd of sixty or seventy people—men and women from the country districts for the most part—standing outside your shop with their backs turned towards it.

Over their heads from behind our counters we can see the cause of their interest.

He is a shaggy-haired man, young and old at once, very dark and very brown, and with a tremendous mock sincerity on his countenance. He sells a sort of cure-all herbal remedy which takes the fancy of the crowds of Saturday shoppers.

They may have come into the town to buy boots, or calicoes, or the Sunday joint, or a new shirt, or a pair of socks, and a hundred and one other useful articles of attire or nourishment. But the moment they catch sight of the cheap-jack or the herbalist salesman our hearts sink.

We know, from bitter experience, that some of their money will go into that big bag at the side of the persuasive, loquacious, specious, promising, salesman on the box in the market square.

So, taking everything into consideration Saturday morning finds us in a state in which many emotions mingle.

We make desperate efforts to attract the attention of customers. Each, according to his trade, makes as brave a show as possible.

The mutton that hangs in the butcher's shop has more decorations than usual.

As for the ironmonger, he has allowed his wares to spread over a large space of the pavement.

Other neighbours, the bootmaker, the draper, the confectioner, the grocer—all are making the best show possible this morning.

Soon, when the sun is bright, there will be an influx of the surrounding country in traps, and cars, on bicycles, on horseback and on foot, and the shops will be crowded with governesses, family parties, and acquaintances who sometimes seem to think our shops are the best places for discussing the week's sports and other doings.

Trade is less mixed with social conversation and chatter when the late afternoon and evening come on. Then the workers are free, and what business we do—such as is left to us by the open-air traders of whom I have spoken, is done rapidly and seriously.

There is a life and noisiness about the Saturday evenings that are quite exhilarating.

The din becomes greater as ten or eleven o'clock is reached. Then one by one shopkeepers put up the shutters, one by one the barrows draw off, and in straggling companies the people disperse.

Saturday—morning, noon, and night—has come and gone.

WM. B. [illegible]

CHEERFULNESS.

HOW TO ACQUIRE IT.

While making my daily journey to and from town, I have often been struck by the dismal cheerless countenances of some of my fellow-passengers. I do not wish to infer for one moment that a man should always wear a perpetual grin on his face. It is just as annoying to meet a man who invariably greets you with a beaming smile as to come in contact with a man who is always scowling, but I consider it an insult to his fellow-creatures when a man goes through life as though he were hopelessly bored with the world.

You have no right to be gloomy. Reverses come to everybody. Were it not so, we should not appreciate success; but groaning will not lighten your labours, railing at fate will not make your affairs any brighter. It is always cheering to remember that however bad you may think your lot to be, there are hundreds and thousands who, could they but change places with you, would consider themselves blessed indeed.

Do not allow yourself to drop into a mechanical [illegible] of existence. It is impossible to over-estimate the effect of change upon a man's spirits.

Make a point of having your bedroom windows open at night, and your office windows during the day. Inhale as much fresh air as possible, for it is an excellent stimulant. It makes your pulses [illegible] with renewed life, and is a better tonic than money can buy.

Drop a kindly word whenever an opportunity occurs. You will be astonished at the cheering effect this will have upon your own spirits.

Be tactful, however. Do not slap a man on the back and tell him to cheer up when you know that he has just lost a friend who is very dear to him. It is better under such circumstances to grip his hand in silent sympathy, for it is a sorrow that only time, not words, can heal.

E. F. Hallowes.

There is a theory among ancient historians that one of the surest signs of advancing civilisation among the peoples of Southern Europe was the cultivating of olive trees. The reason for this is that the olive tree does not give any appreciable return in the way of fruit until twelve years after its planting.

A somewhat similar criterion can be applied to distinguish between the true gardener and the man who has no real love for his bit of ground, but yet wants to have something in it just for appearance's sake.

The one will grow his own plants either from seed or from seedlings or cuttings, while the other depends entirely on bedding-out plants which he buys "ready-made," so to speak, shoves into the ground, and leaves untended until they die; when they are uprooted and thrown on the rubbish heap.

That is not gardening.

Bedding-out plants are all very well in their way, but one can never have the same interest in them as in plants which one has reared from their infancy and nursed through the hard times of winter and early spring.

* * *

To ensure a good show of colour during the summer months, every gardener who has not already planted his annual seeds should lose no time in doing so.

Practically all annuals can now be sown in the open—in most cases in their flowering positions.

Bare walls and trellises, against which it is too late to plant any permanent creeper or shrub, may be covered and made beautiful throughout the summer by tropæolum, Japanese hops, convolvulus and other annual climbers.

The last-named should be sown very sparingly and well away from any shrubs, for if it flourishes, it will grow with amazing rapidity and engulf anything on which it can lay its tendrils.

Canary creeper, which is the most popular form of tropæolum, needs a sunny position, and will cover a wall or trellis very quickly. In its tender youth, however, it is liable to be entirely devoured by caterpillars, unless it is carefully protected, for both stalks and leaves are very succulent.

To cover a low piece of wall or a tree stump, there is nothing to beat climbing nasturtiums.

* * *

It is an excellent plan with many seeds, and especially those of sweet peas, to soak them in water for a night before sowing them.

This swells them and makes them germinate more quickly when placed in the earth.

Always mark the place where seeds are sown carefully, or you may get things sadly mixed.

If your beds are of fair size, you will get a far better effect by planting your annuals in broad patches than by mixing them up.

Massed colour always gives a stronger effect and avoids the appearance of unevenness which may result from some seeds doing better than others of the same species in another part of the border.

C. B. Stainer.

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Why is this? Because Tremol Treatment is unlike all other treatments, for it attacks and removes the cause, and if your case is taken in hand—for if it is incurable it will not be accepted—it will be separately and specially prescribed for and attended to until your cure is complete, and while you are applying the Treatment in your own home. This no other treatment even pretends to do, for in other so-called treatments the same thing is supplied to everyone alike, and there it ends.

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A large Illustrated Book giving full particulars of this powerful remedy will be sent free of all charge. It teems with sound advice and contains much valuable information. And if you are a sufferer it is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery, even if Doctors, Hospitals, and Specialists have failed to help you. But write for the Book at once, for early application is necessary, as only a limited number of free copies is to be distributed.

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,,	12th	£316,650	,,	11th	£367,230	Sept.	7th	£412,370
,,	19th	£319,900	,,	18th	£369,320	,,	14th	£415,020
,,	26th	£322,780	,,	25th	£373,270	,,	21st	£416,980
Feb.	2nd	£325,750	June	1st	£376,070	,,	28th	£420,360
,,	9th	£328,970	,,	8th	£377 750	Oct.	5th	£421,760
,,	16th	£331,920	,,	15th	£380 850	,,	12th	£423,290
,,	23rd	£334,730	,,	22nd	£383,800	,,	19th	£425,040
Mar.	2nd	£338,060	,,	29th	£386,480	,,	26th	£427,150
,,	9th	£341,270	July	6th	£388,580	Nov.	2nd	£428,280
,,	16th	£344,120	,,	13th	£390,510	,,	9th	£430,030
,,	23rd	£347,330	,,	20th	£393,710	,,	16th	£432,260
,,	30th	£350,680	,,	27th	£396,360	,,	23rd	£433,600
April	6th	£353,400	Aug.	3rd	£398,460	,,	30th	£436,420
,,	13th	£355,960	,,	10th	£401,710	Dec.	7th	£438 690
,,	20th	£359,010	,,	17th	£404,510	,,	14th	£440,530
,,	27th	£361,690	,,	24th	£406,490	,,	21st	£442,680
						,,	28th	£444,560

Here we have a steady stream of cash payments that speaks volumes for the System producing it. A system operated on the basis of intimate inside knowledge, born of a life-long experience of stocks and shares and the laws governing the markets, may confidently be relied upon to repeat again and again the brilliant successes that have placed it on a pinnacle of achievement.

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Why not Exercise your Rights to Prosperity?

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HOW A FEW POUNDS MAY LEAD TO FORTUNE.

To the Secretary, The National Share Exchange, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away nearly £500,000 to clients.

M.M. 29/4/11

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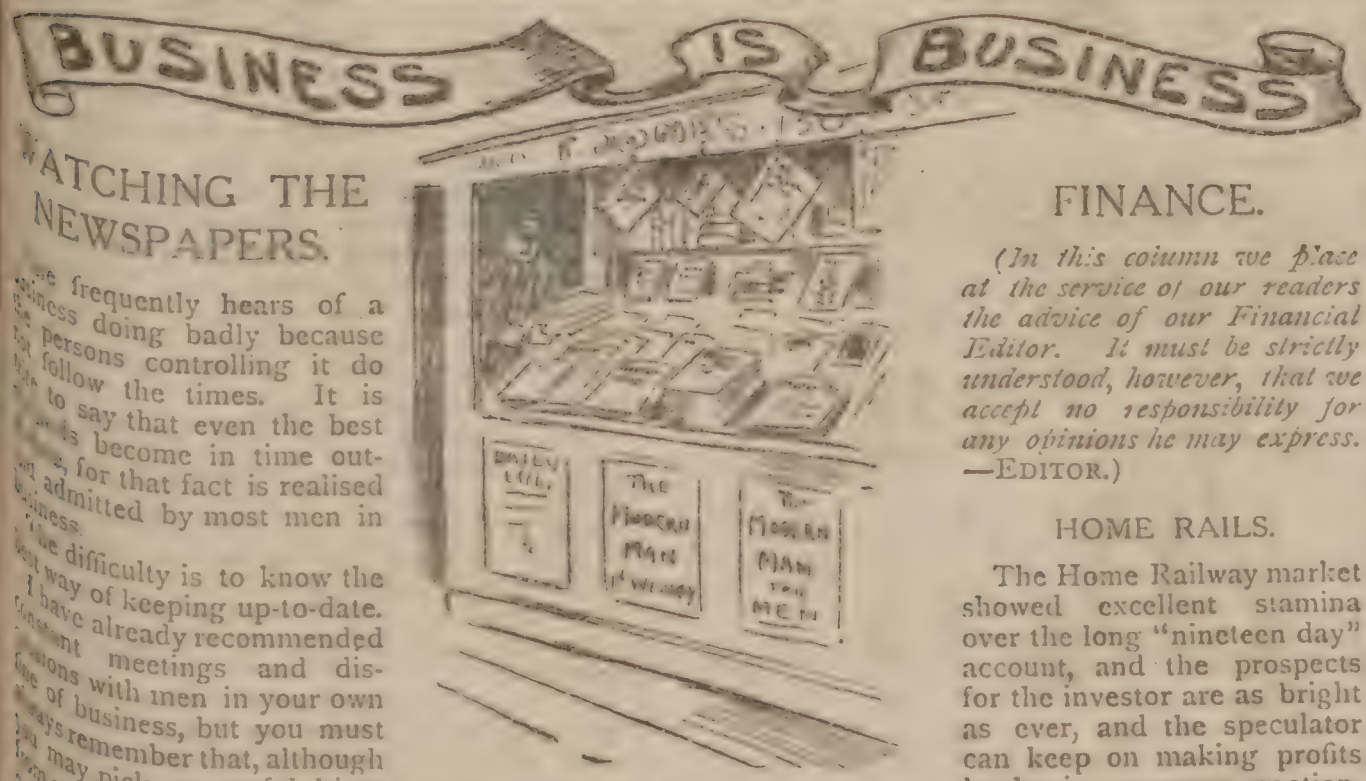

WATCHING THE NEWSPAPERS.

One frequently hears of a business doing badly because the persons controlling it do not follow the times. It is safe to say that even the best business has become in time out-of-date, for that fact is realised and admitted by most men in business.

The difficulty is to know the best way of keeping up-to-date. I have already recommended consistent meetings and discussions with men in your own line of business, but you must always remember that, although you may pick up useful hints from your rivals, they will not voluntarily disclose anything of importance in the way of improved methods or in regard to new needs.

These are things that you must find out for yourself, and the best way to do it is to consult the papers devoted to your own particular trade or profession.

From the doctor to the ironmonger, practically every man in business, whether he be a professional man or a tradesman, has some sort of trade paper which gives him facts regarding most of the innovations in his own particular line.

It is essential that he should make himself thoroughly acquainted with these facts.

They give him a basis upon which he may build his own plans. They show him what is being done in his own trade, and what experiments have been made, and upon that information he is enabled to go a step further.

There is no use in ploughing ground that has already been ploughed, and in many points of business the work done by other men, and the facts ascertained by them, are of as much service to you as if you had done that work and ascertained those facts for yourself.

I advocate most strongly the careful following of all the trade papers that concern your own line of business. Many pages in these papers are devoted to advertisements applying to the trade in question, and even these advertisements may be instructive and suggestive.

I know that it is the habit of many readers to skip the advertisements in the papers they read. The casual reader is not under discussion, and may please himself, but it is most unwise for the [illegible] than to skip advertisements.

[illegible] are like shop windows, and there is much [illegible] from them.

It is also wise to read the daily newspapers closely, for in them you will often find points that are neglected in the trade newspapers.

It is important, for example, to know the trend of feeling existing between foreign countries.

As an illustration, I might cite the present good feeling between France and this country. Foreign goods are not, as a rule, appreciated by the British buyer; but, at the present time, such prejudice does not extend to goods manufactured in France.

The Arbitration Treaty negotiations between this country and the United States will, I believe, in a short time, have a similar effect in regard to American goods, and we shall find less prejudice towards American goods on the part of the British buyer than we do at present.

I mention this only as an illustration to show the necessity for a business man to follow not only his own trade or profession as given in the trade or professional newspaper, but also the need for him to keep in close touch with the general trend of public opinion.

R. A. Macnaughten.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —Editor.)

HOME RAILS.

The Home Railway market showed excellent stamina over the long "nineteen day" account, and the prospects for the investor are as bright as ever, and the speculator can keep on making profits by buying on every reaction.

Home Rails have a long way to go yet before the top of the market has been reached, and investors can buy with every confidence for better dividends and higher prices.

Contango rates were very heavy—in many cases as much as 7 per cent. being charged—but the rate on "Dover A," one of my favourites, went off to 2 per cent., which is a very good sign for the "bulls" of this stock.

AMERICANS.

Americans are still quiet, and this market gives no indication of any decided move.

I am still of opinion that when the movement does come it will be downwards, as trade is bad in the States and shows no sign of improvement.

Mexican Rails are easier on the dividend, which was ¾ per cent. on the Common Stock for the second half-year of 1910—the same as the first half. Prices, however, will soon recover on the greatly improved trade which the railway is enjoying.

RUBBER AND OIL.

Rubber shares have moved very little, excepting Anglo-Malay shares, which have fallen 1s. 6d. per share, because the company only paid 100 per cent. dividend for 1910.

Way-Halims do not move, but they are all right and will prove an excellent investment.

Oil shares are better, Premier Oil and Pipe Line shares being 22s. upwards, and Eagles 34s.

Both these shares will see much higher prices in the near future.

Sound new Oil issues are being well subscribed by the public, which is a good sign for the market generally.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. D. (Perth).—Yes. I think you would do well to secure your profit, but watch the market carefully and re-purchase on, say, three points reaction.

J. S. (Oldham).—Nos. 1, 3, 4, and 7 are safe investments. The others are only third-rate; do not run them for much.

K. W. (Norwood).—The documents you forward are quite in order. I will return them on the date you mention.

N. E. (Keynsham).—I would not advise you to enter into the contract; the terms offered you are not sufficient to warrant the risk.

Y.Z. (Cardiff).—Sell on any improvement, as there is no chance of a dividend for a very long time.

P.L. (Bromley).—Hold Nos. 1, 3 and 5. The others are, in my opinion, no great catch.

K.M. (Newport).—Either Farrow's Bank or the Birkbeck Bank would meet your requirements.

The Financial Editor.

"OPEN" DAYS.

OUT ON THE HIGH DOWNS.

It is only about this time, before spring has really taken on some of the appearances of summer, and when it is still not unlikely that there will come a snap of cold, frosty, snowy weather, and when even a spring blizzard is not impossible, that the "open day" is such a welcome visitor.

It is a day of which the most must at all costs be made, and the high downland country, where there are also trees, is the finest of the many places in which it can be fully enjoyed. The exhilaration of such a day is irresistible, and the man with health in his blood can scarcely help singing or shouting as he presses against the fairly strong soft west, or north-west wind.

The "openness" of the day is shown in the rush of the wind, out of which every suspicion of winter keenness has gone. There is much soft, broken cloud, racing across a blue heaven that seems newly illuminated after the hard dun hues of winter.

In the sudden comparative gloom, when the sun is hidden by a larger blot of cloud, the wind is just stimulating enough to set a man walking faster and to make him swing his stick with a heartier swing.

The trees already show a swelling in the twigs and here and there a patch of green, so that the voice of the wind is no longer the shrill shriek of the winter blast, but a softer, rounder, more mellow voice, having in it much fragrance and many inspiring qualities.

The white tufts of winter's dead grass that dotted the down are already hidden by a newer greenness, and much fresh earth lies about the older burrows of the rabbits. Thousands of scents are loosened from captivity in wood and field, and are making the atmosphere suggest everything that is fresh, and clean, and inspiriting and young.

M. Bruce.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Ferris's Racing Deal

By E. Wade Lang.

In the guise of cycling tourists we had been staying at an inn in the vicinity of Epsom for a few days, though for what specific purpose Ferris was reticent in telling me.

In fact, he denied that he had one.

"Can't a man," he asked with real or simulated irritation, "indulge in a few days' rest, enjoying the glorious fresh air of these downs, without being suspected of a base and sordid motive?"

I doubted it—where such a character as Ferris was concerned; but it would have been impolite to voice scepticism.

"I sometimes think," he said pensively one morning, as we were out taking the ozone before breakfast—"I sometimes think, Burke, it would be a supremely diverting experience to run off with a prospective Derby winner the day before the race. Not for the profit exactly, but for the glory of the thing. One might do it with an airship. . . . One might do it in several ways."

He walked on, wrapped in reflectiveness.

"Is that the intention you have in mind at the present time?" I asked him chaffingly.

"Hardly," he answered, "with the Derby a couple of months ahead, and no one knowing what the favourite will be. It would have to be a one-horse race, like The Emperor for the City and Suburban."

He indicated, with a gesture, the string of horses on our right. The animals, under the care of Bernard Carter, their trainer, were being brought out for exercise.

I remembered with some feeling of significance that it was this particular string of horses which Ferris had contrived to view each morning of our stay.

"That's The Emperor in front," he continued, halting with evident interest to gaze at him. "Looks a beauty, doesn't he? An 11 to 8 chance, with 10 to 1 offered against others—and still a fortnight to go, with all its attendant uncertainties."

He seemed to be amused by a thought; I found his twinkling eyes fixed on mine.

"His owner, Phineas Grindley," he went on, "is a dried-up, cantankerous, asthmatical old beast with no affection for anything in this world, so 'tis said, but The Emperor. And it's his only horse in training. I expect you've seen in the papers that Mr. Bob Voicey has been trying to buy him. Five thousand guineas he offered. Quite a fancy price, in some people's opinion."

I admitted I hadn't noticed it.

"And Phineas Grindley," concluded Ferris, "wouldn't look at it!"

He turned to walk on.

"By Jove!" he heard him say softly, "talk of the devil . . ."

A big, blue, closed-in motor-car, ahead on the high white road, had drawn up, and a man was alighting, clad in a thick voluminous coat, with a cap on, and muffled entirely to the ears.

He struck off across the turf, with shoulders bent, his hands deep in his pockets, coat flapping in the breeze.

"Grindley," said Ferris, turning on to the grass also. "I expect he's come over to see how the animal is progressing."

"Where are you going?" I queried, seeing that he had taken a line to overtake Grindley, and was quickening his pace.

"To speak to Grindley," said Ferris. "I want to ask him to reconsider his decision."

"What decision?" I began, staring at him blankly.

But it was useless to question Ferris when he was engaged in sudden action.

A minute later I found myself the listener to an amazing, but brief, conversation.

"Mr. Grindley," said Ferris, intercepting the long-coated, muffled-up gentleman. "It *is* Mr. Grindley, I believe? A most fortunate meeting, sir. I was just about to inquire of Mr. Carter where I could find you."

He had a hearty sincerity of tone which was quite in contrast to his usual easy indolence.

The other came to a halt, thrusting forward his head with a sort of suspicious scrutiny, and I caught a glimpse of a heavily-lined parchment-coloured brow, of shaggy, sandy eyebrows, and eyes of fiery blue rimmed with sore lids.

He spoke in a nasal, rasping staccato.

"Who are you?"

Ferris produced a card-case and selected a card. I do not know to this day what name was upon it, but it was evidently one which commanded respect. (He always carried with him a number of other people's credentials, and let it be said at once that the Honourable Mountjoy Ferris, despite his reprehensible career, had not yet lost the marks of good breeding.)

"Humph!" growled Phineas Grindley. "Well, what do you want to see me about?"

"I want to buy The Emperor, to be perfectly frank and straightforward with you. I've taken a pronounced fancy to him, and I'm prepared to plank down a handsome sum in order to secure him. Now, come, Mr. Grindley! seven thousand five hundred guineas!—a fifty per cent advance on your previous best offer."

"No, thanks," said Grindley, with a shake.

"It's a large bid, and one not likely to be repeated."

"I don't care about that. It isn't a question of money. I had Bob Voicey going up to nearly that figure yesterday, if I'd liked to take it."

"Well, eight thousand!"

"Not eighteen, sir."

"Ten! Come, Mr. Grindley!"

"I don't want to sell," repeated Phineas Grindley, snappishly. "Isn't that sufficient?"

"I suppose so," said Ferris, rather petulantly. He debated a little.

"Could I see you to-morrow?" he suggested. "Perhaps after deliberation——"

"It's impossible," snapped Mr. Grindley. "I'm leaving town to-day. This infernal east wind is playing the deuce with me! I"—he became hoarse—"I'm taking the night train to— to——"

He was attacked with a violent fit of coughing.

"To—the Continent," he gasped, emerging from the asthmatical choking with streaming eyes. "En route for the Riviera, where I shall stay till it's—warmer.

"Damn it, sir!" he blazed forth, with sudden unreasonable fury. "Why do you make me talk when I don't want to? I'll wish you good-day."

He stamped off with his chin deep in his muffler, and Ferris, shooting me a triumphant glance, turned and led the way in the opposite direction.

I confess I was baffled by what had passed between them, but I had to wait till after breakfast before Ferris favoured me with enlightenment.

"All bluff," said he. wanted to know whether Voicey's offer still held good—clearly it does—and, secondly, thought my bid might tempt him to give me a note agreeing to hand over the horse on receipt of the payment arranged between us. I never hoped for the good fortune of his being out of the country while we set to work on what should be a very profitable little enterprise. We're going straight back to town, old Irishman. Go and get out the bikes while I square the bill. I'll tell you more of the scheme while we're riding."

But he didn't. That is to say, what little he told me was obscure, and apparently led to no definite issue. I was to call on Mr. Bob Voicey at his private house at nine that evening, with word that Mr. Phineas Grindley had so far altered his mind as to be prepared to consider an offer of ten thousand guineas for The Emperor. If Mr. Voicey could not entertain this figure, then the matter must end.

My rôle was to be that of confidential friend of Mr. Grindley, who, through being confined to his room with a bad attack of asthma, was consequently unable to attend to the business in person.

"Well, and having got so far," said I, "what then?"

"If he says yes," answered Ferris, "you will come away, and I shall see to the rest."

"Is that all I'm to know?" said I.

"All," said Ferris. "The fewer the instructions the easier they're carried out. I depend on your wits to parry any questions Voicey may ask you."

"But what if he should telephone?" I began weakly.

"He won't," said Ferris. "He can't. He's not 'on,' and neither is Grindley. But if you feel you would rather not undertake it——"

He spoke quite kindly, but there was a light in his eyes which told me how he would regard me if I refused.

"It isn't that I'm afraid," I denied with some heat, "but this perpetual working in the dark——"

He smiled that winning smile of his and shook me gently by the shoulders.

"How often," he queried softly, "have I failed you, old Irishman, and not known when it was best to keep a part of my plan to myself?"

And with that I had to be content.

Mr. Bob Voicey was a stout, jolly, well-conditioned man, with the air of a prosperous publican; a bachelor living in good style at Hampstead. He received me in a solidly-furnished dining-room, smiling genially when he learned of my errand, and promptly providing whisky and an excellent brand of cigars. I judged him to be shrewd, but lacking the finer shades of intuitiveness.

"You're asking double what the animal's worth," he said bluntly, and we settled down to talk. "He's not a classic horse; merely a handicap animal with a touch of class. I like him, I'll admit it. But he isn't worth ten thousand, and probably never will be."

"You understand," said I, "that I'm not here to drive a hard bargain with you, but simply to put forward a suggestion."

"I understand that," said he, "and I'm very much obliged to you. But ten thousand's too much——"

"Too much," he repeated, wrinkling his nose and shaking his head. But I could see he was tempted.

For five minutes, perhaps, the conversation wound in and out the same subject.

"No, I won't pay it," said Mr. Voicey, with a sort of annoyed determination. "It ain't a fair price; not worth it, sir, not worth it. I might spring seven thousand, but that's the uttermost limit. Very sorry, I'm sure, to refuse you. *Very* sorry."

He was still arguing down inclination when a sound from the hall outside caused my blood to freeze in my veins. It was a prolonged, hoarse, smothered coughing. That moment the door opened, and the servant announced a name. For as I sat petrified with dismay, Phineas Grindley

tered the doorway, still doubled and convulsive with coughing, and coming in a yard or two stood swearing every time he could get a breath.

"Get back! Leave me alone!" he snarled, as Voicey moved forward in commiseration. "A glass of water, if you've got one. Not soda, man! Water!"

Voicey had made for the syphon which stood on the table.

I began to wonder vaguely how on earth I was to get out of this without being proved an impostor. Grindley might even recognise me as Ferris's companion on Epsom Downs.

"Curse this choking! It's torture . . ."

A further paroxysm strangled oaths in his throat. Voicey, calling the servant, hurried out with a glass in his hand.

"Has he accepted that figure?" came Ferris's voice, low and concentrated, from within the coat collar and muffler.

"You!" said I, with a gasp.

"Quick! *Has* he?"

"No! seven thousand."

"Right! Sit tight, now. Don't go."

His head was still bowed on his chest. He fumbled and coughed and gasped in extraordinary imitation of the original till the water came, then drinking a deep draught, he managed to recover his voice, rasping out—

"What's the result of this? I've got a reason for having this transaction settled to-night, one way or the other. There's been some blanked hokey-pokey with some property of mine in Cornwall, Voicey. A dishonest bailiff. Bolted with a large sum of money with which he was to have completed some mortgages. If you're ready with the hard cash, I'm ready for the deal. But not without. Eight thousand guineas will buy the Emperor if the money's given me in negotiable securities, to-night."

"He sticks at seven thousand," I put in, feeling that this was what I was expected to do.

"And not a penny more," added Bob Voicey coolly. "Won't you sit down, Mr. Grindley?"

"No, I won't, sir. I ought to be in my bed, instead of fooling and haggling here. You're buying the Cup horse for that money, let me tell you, and a certain winner of treble the amount in stakes. What do you say to a half share for five thousand guineas?"

"I'll give you seven thousand all in," persisted Bob Voicey stubbornly. "I've got bonds in my safe here which you can liquidate at any bank to-morrow, and if you need money urgently, as you seem to do, you can take 'em and give me a written order to your trainer to hold The Emperor for my disposal."

"I'll leave him with Carter till the City's open," said Ferris, with Grindley's quick, rasping decision.

"Yes, I'll do that. And of course a proviso is, that the vet.'s certificate is all right."

It must not be forgotten that Voicey was utterly without suspicion, and Grindley a man whose word was to be trusted.

In another minute Ferris, still in greatcoat and muffler, was writing at the table.

He had anticipated this contingency, and was prepared for it. The one great risk that he ran was Voicey's possible familiarity with the genuine Grindley's handwriting.

But life itself is one great risk.

The bonds were converted into notes, and again into cash before eleven o'clock on the following morning.

I mentioned to Ferris that I failed entirely to understand his motive in calling on Voicey only a few minutes after myself; in fact, that it seemed to render my assistance in the enterprise altogether superfluous.

"Not at all," said Ferris, generously. "Can you not see that my following after you and our knowing each other was an absolute testimony to our *bonâ-fides*. It was the one happy inspiration of which I feel justifiably proud."

The disappointment which awaited Mr. Bob Voicey when he presented his worthless document to Mr. Bernard Carter, The Emperor's trainer, I cannot describe. I wasn't there.

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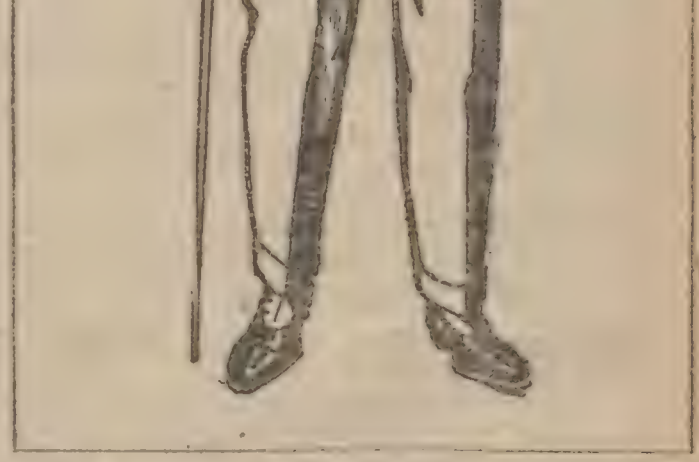

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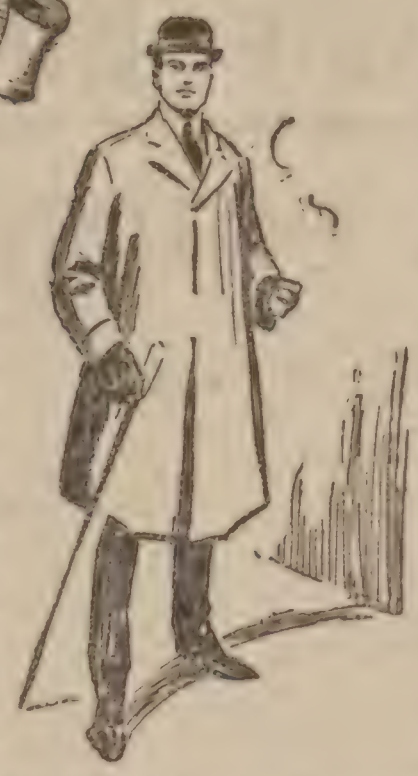


A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

BRAIDED COATS.

A reader recently appealed to me to know whether he should have the coat of a brown suit he was ordering braided.

I do not suppose there are many of my readers who would have much doubt about the matter, but it is a safe rule to observe that only black or very dark grey vicuna coats—either lounge or morning coats—should be edged with braid.

Mr. Pelissier, of "Follies" fame, often seriously informs the audience before the performance of the "Voice Trial," that they will now have an opportunity of seeing him in his habit as he lives, "for, as you probably know, I am considered one of the best-dressed men in London."

Then, having changed, he strolls on wearing a light grey morning-coat suit of ample proportions, the coat and waistcoat bound with broad grey braid, a stripe of the same braid down each trouser leg, and a gigantic fob dangling where Mr. Pelissier's anatomy provides such generous accommodation for it.

The whole get-up was so cleverly done, without any flagrant exaggeration, that I could not help wondering how many people in the house—especially of the fairer sex—were taken in and imagined that they were really gazing at an example of good taste in dress.

Just at present, however, light, grey-braided morning coats, however well cut, are *not* fashionable, and the braid stripe down the seam of the trousers is still restricted to evening dress.

COLLAR-STUD TROUBLES.

If you are in the habit of wearing soft collars, and even sometimes if you are not, you may be troubled by the elusive collar-stud, which comes out of its appointed place and trickles down your back. The result is often hours of discomfort if you are not in a position to put things right at once.

To avoid the possibility of this happening the following method may prove useful:

Have a piece of tape sewn inside the collar-band of the shirt, so as to cover the buttonhole, and have a button sewn to this tape just where the stud would have come.

The collar can be fixed to this button just as it would have been to the stud, and the button is a fixture.

This plan often proves useful when the buttonhole has become enlarged or frayed by much wear. It is much better than attempting to mend the buttonhole and make it serviceable again.

FEMININE OPINIONS.

If you want to decide once for all the question whether a man is well dressed, ask a woman.

But if you want to know whether your new suit is well and fashionably cut only a man can help you—always supposing that you are not capable of deciding the point yourself with the aid of a mirror.

A woman takes in the general effect of a man's attire with a far quicker eye than those of his own sex.

She can tell him whether a certain suit suits him (what a vile language this is! I really didn't mean to make a pun), but her criticism is not of much value when she gets beyond the general appearance and the material.

But she always knows a well-dressed man from a slovenly one.

BUTTONS.

I do not know why it is, but it remains a fact that most tailors sew on the buttons of a garment before they put in the lining.

Whether the result is satisfactory or not depends upon the texture of the cloth. Stiff cloths are strong enough to carry a button, but those of a flexible character have a tendency to stretch, and the stability of the button in time becomes very uncertain.

It would be much better if tailors would put on buttons, particularly on trousers, when the whole garment has been made, so that the threads holding the button would come through the lining as well as the cloth.

It is not my province, however, to attempt to educate tailors as to what they ought to do. My only purpose is to give you a little tip that may save you much inconvenience and annoyance.

If you find that the buttons on any part of a suit are slack and likely to give way, hand the suit over to your wife, your sister, your landlady, or whoever looks after you, and ask her to sew on the buttons afresh, bringing the threads, as of course she will do, through the lining as well as through the cloth.

It is particularly annoying when a trouser button gives way, especially when that button happens to be one of the two at the back. Then indeed there comes upon the remaining one what the little boy of the well-known story defined as "a great responsibility." Such risks do not occur when the threads holding the button pass through the lining.

LEATHER BUTTONS.

Talking of buttons, I might mention that I do not care very much for the leather buttons which many tailors now put upon sporting jackets and upon overcoats.

They look fairly well, but in my opinion they are not practical.

They are made of leather, or of some composition that looks like it, and at the back there is a metal loop by which the button is sewn on to the coat. If the manufacturers were wise enough to make this loop of some metal that would not rust, all might be well, but they have not that wisdom. As soon as the coat gets a touch of rain, the fastenings of these leather buttons begin to rust, and the threads attaching them to the coat quickly rot.

If you have leather buttons on a coat, you will constantly be annoyed by having them drop off, and I therefore strongly advise you to stick to the ordinary horn buttons, which, when wetted, do not rust, and do not rot the threads that hold them.

FRESHENING A SUIT.

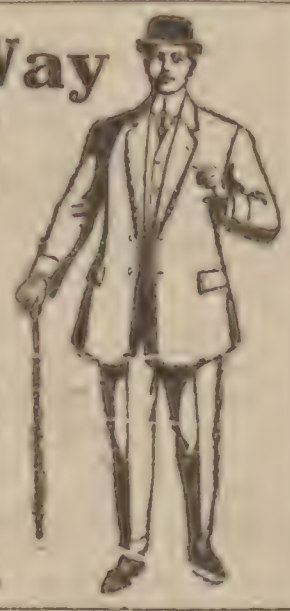
As I have so often pointed out, it pays a man to have a number of suits, and to wear them on different days, instead of buying one suit and hacking it out.

I have no desire to be extravagant in my estimate of expenditure on clothes, and I do not for a moment suggest that every suit a man possesses and wears should necessarily be quite new. One day you may wear a new suit, with all the freshness of the tailor's bench upon it, and on the next you may wear an old suit that is probably much more comfortable.

The great thing is to keep your old suits in thorough order. See that the bottoms of the trousers have not become frayed. If they have, they can be altered by any efficient needlewoman. See that the buttonholes are intact, and that the surface of the cloth shows no sign of dust.

I have recommended that all clothes should be

Dress in the "McKINLEY" Way



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beaten periodically in order to remove dust, for I think that is the only way to keep a suit looking at its best.

All these precautions may, however, be insufficient in the case of a suit that is really old, and I therefore bring to your notice what might be described as the final remedy. It is to damp the suit, fold it properly, and to lay it aside for a while.

The trousers will, of course, be put into your trousers-press, but it is impossible for you to serve the jacket in the same way.

With regard to the jacket, damp it, and fold it in the manner which I have already described and illustrated in these pages. Then put it beneath your mattress for a night.

I do not, of course, suggest that this process, or any other, will make an old and much-worn suit look like new, but it will at least make it look fairly respectable.

FATAL TO HANDKERCHIEFS.

The custom of hanging out the entire washing of the family to dry in the back garden is one that always strikes me as most inconsiderate to the neighbours, but I suppose there are very many households where handkerchiefs and socks are washed at home.

My own handkerchiefs have hitherto been entrusted to the tender mercies of Mary Jane (I will spare her blushes by using this pseudonym) rather than to the laundry, and I have been horrified to find that almost every other clean handkerchief I opened had several small holes or tears in it, though in many cases it had not been in use for more than a week or two.

At last I discovered the cause. Mary Jane was short of clothes pegs, so my handkerchiefs were fixed to the line by means of pins, and when there was any wind they suffered.

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WHITE BUCKSKIN CRICKET & TENNIS BOOTS 8/11, 10/9, 12/6, 14/6, 16/6, 18/6, 21/-

John Piggott, Ltd. (Dept. M.M.3) 117 & 118, Cheapside & Milk St., E.C.

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A. PENDUN (Dept. D), 597, Holloway Rd., London, N.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 52 Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem London."

Oatine

Even the keenest razor often irritates the skin. Apply OATINE after shaving. It stops the burning and soothes the skin.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 3d. in stamps a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations and book on Face Massage.

THE OATINE CO., 79a, Oatine Bldgs, Mermaid Court, London, S.E.

REVENUE JOBS

THE WORK OF AN ASSISTANT OF CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.

Many young fellows who have received a fairly good education at school are forced, much against their will, to take up the distasteful work of clerking in uncongenial offices. Their inclinations are for the open-air life, but the scarcity of openings precludes any opportunity of gratifying their desires. To such, an appointment as Revenue assistant, or, to call it by its proper name, an Assistantship of Customs and Excise, would appear to be a highly desirable appointment.

The life has many attractions for those who like a wide variety of work or frequent change of scene.

One month may be spent in a busy London brewery. The next may be passed in relieving work in some remote country district. Of course, it must be understood that frequent changes are not compulsory. An assistant who cares to settle down in one particular district—collection is the official name of it—may remain there several years, but as long as a man is young he does not grumble at the chance of seeing the country at the country's expense.

FULL OF VARIETY.

In a country station the duties are, if somewhat arduous, by no means repugnant. The morning may be occupied by cycling, riding, or driving to the various public-houses in the collection, examining traders' books, drawing an occasional sample of beer for test, or inquiring into the claims of would-be old-age pensioners.

The evening may be spent in booking accounts or preparing those elaborate returns so dear to the hearts of politicians and others who love their country.

If an assistant is attached to the Customs side of the Department, the work is quite as varied and interesting.

Again the compilation of returns forms an important part of the work; but a considerable part of the time is spent on open quays and on board vessels lying in the docks, examining goods of every description. The work must not be confused with that performed by officers who board and examine ships for contraband. Such duties are not performed by officers who enter by open competition.

Such examinations as are made of goods by those who enter by competition are primarily for the discovery of contraband; but there is not any necessity for them to undertake the examination of the personal belongings or person of passengers or crew.

Frequently officers of Customs have to work far into the night, but such duty carries with it extra pay, and in itself possesses a distinct charm for those who are not entirely lacking in the imaginative faculty.

THE TOUCH OF ROMANCE.

Who that has heard the rattle of the derrick in the lonely, deserted dock at midnight, when the working world around has gone to sleep, does not wish to repeat the experience? The rasp of chain and rope, the staccato orders of the head stevedores, the glare of the lights above the holds of the dark hulls alongside the quay, possess an elusive charm that defies analysis.

Such, in briefest outline, is a description of the scenes amid which Revenue assistants work. What of the conditions of entry?

First of all, candidates must be unmarried prior to entering the examination. They must be not less than nineteen years of age and not more than twenty-two.

The examination is by open competition, the subjects of examination being handwriting, arithmetic, essay-writing, geography, and any two of the following: English history, mathematics, chemistry.

The subjects possess no great difficulty to those who have had a good elementary education. It must be remembered, however, that the competition for these appointments is about fifteen to one, so that hard grinding is necessary for anyone hoping to pass.

OPEN TO ALL.

The present writer has personal knowledge, however, of men who previous to their appointments have worked as farm servants and labourers, but who, by the exercise of grit and the aid of correspondence tuition, have succeeded in taking high places on the successful list.

The number of vacancies varies, but there are seldom less than about three hundred each year. By writing to the Civil Service Commissioners, London, forms enabling one to compete at an examination may be obtained.

The salary commences at £85 per annum and rises by £5 per annum to £115, then by £7 10s. and £10 to £250; but there is every reason to believe that before long this rate will be somewhat improved. There is an excellent chance of rising ultimately to £400 per annum.

NOT A SINECURE.

Those who enter the Civil Service frequently do so in the hope of having an easy time. In some departments they may find their desires gratified, but not in the Customs and Excise.

The exciseman, who apparently finds nothing to do save walk up and down the streets of a quiet country town cooling his heels, may in the early morning hours be busy at a distant distillery superintending operations. His day is never finished, but then his work is invariably interesting, and frequently exciting. After all, that and a fair salary are great compensations, are they not?

"CIVILIAN."

TEAM RACES.

A form of foot-race that has come into considerable prominence of late years is the "team race," contested over a course of a mile or more, between teams of three or four runners each.

This form is particularly useful in testing the merits of two clubs, for the result depends not on the ability of one man, but on the speed of several.

A member of each team is stationed at certain intervals along the course, and as soon as the colleague who is behind him comes up and touches him, he dashes off until he reaches the next man on his side, who starts off in his turn. And so on.

But as a certain amount of sharp practice has now and then been detected on the part of team-runners who started off before their time, we suggest that the plan adopted by some clubs should be made compulsory to all—*i.e.*, that each "first starter" should be given some sort of badge or flag which he should hand to his next man as soon as he gets to him.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

G. C. (Brondesbury).—We do not think your invention would be a practical success, but you might see one of the officials of the Underground, and lay the idea before him.

W. A. K. (Wrexham).—The matter you mention shall have our consideration.

C. WILSON, late of 15, Stanley Road, Earlsdon, Coventry, is requested to send us his present address.

T. S. (Wolverhampton).—It will be better for you to take the leggings to a saddler. He will execute the required alterations more neatly than a local bootmaker would be likely to do.

H. E. SMITH, 2, Greenbank Terrace, Teignmouth Road, St. Marychurch, Torquay, wants to meet readers in that vicinity.

E. McD. (London).—Unless a soft hat suits you particularly well, you had better stick to a bowler, which is always correct with a lounge suit.

A. J. (Aberdeen).—All the bending exercises described on our Rapid Physical Development page will prove useful to you in straightening your spine. So far as we can judge from your sketch, however, your backbone appears to be pretty near the normal.

H. J. T. (Northampton).—Sorry, but the numbers you want are out of print.

C. A. GREEN, Brookley Farm, Brockenhurst, Hants, is sailing for Canada in the first week of May, and would like to hear from any reader who is going to Canada at the same time, so that they could chum on the voyage.

W. D. WATSON, 37, Olrig Street, Thurso, leaves Southampton for South Africa on April 29th, and wants to meet a reader going by the same boat.

A. R. (Birmingham).—The headquarters of the Birmingham MODERN MAN Club are at 46, New Street. The official opening ceremony will be held on Wednesday, April 26th, and the Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. R. Searle, will give you and all other Birmingham readers a very hearty welcome.

A. R. R. (London, N.).—We understand that the Cape Mounted Police are not at present recruiting in this country.

T. K. (Comrie).—Consult your local doctor. If your watch was out of order you wouldn't take it to the local blacksmith for repair; then why patronise a quack where your hearing is concerned?

T. S. (Portsmouth).—By all means let us know when you change your address. We like to keep in touch with our League members.

J. G. M. (Greenwich).—There is so much competition that unless a man has exceptional talent in the matter of black-and-white drawing, it is very hard for him to dispose of his sketches.

A. J. W. (Glasgow).—We wish you the best of luck in the new situation you are going to in Edinburgh. You say you have no friends in that city. We advise you at the earliest opportunity to join the Edinburgh MODERN MAN Club. The members are excellent chaps, and will give you a hearty welcome. The secretary is Mr. W. A. Halliday, India Buildings, Victoria Street, Edinburgh.

T. M. O'K. (Cork).—We advise you to lay the matter before your employer. If your services are valuable to him, he will ask you to stay, and increase your salary. If he does not seem to care whether you go or stay, better take the other job.

C. P. J. (Stoke Newington).—Watch the advertisements in such papers as the "Telegraph" or the "Chronicle," and reply to suitable ones.

R. L. (Newcastle).—Our best thanks for your congratulations. We should have liked to write to you personally, but you did not send us your name and address.

A. H. (Bournemouth), **W. H. M.** (Highgate), **R. F.** (Swansea), **A. E.** (Liverpool), **C. H.** (Dover), **F. A. H.** (Egremont), **R. R.** (Stratford), **J. F.** (Lincoln), **H. K. K.** (Newport), **P. T.** (Glasgow).—Received with thanks.

MORE LEAGUE MEMBERS.

We print below a further list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. We should be glad to hear as soon as possible of any errors or omissions in order that these may be remedied in a supplementary list. This will also include the names of members joining after the publication of the list for their district. An application form for membership, with particulars of the badges issued, appears on another page.*

LONDON *(continued).*

Hampstead.
C. C. BEALE, "Bifrons," Willow Road.
R. BERGER, 27, Pattison Road.
F. LEE, 17, Lisburne Road
H. V. PLANT, 50, Agincourt Road.
N. A. TIETZ, 1, Lisburne Road.
H. W. YOUNGER, care of J. Sainsbury, Belsize Parade.

Hampstead (South).
A. ALLEN, 2, Loudoun Mews, Loudoun Road.

Hampstead (West).
F. H. PARSONS, 62, Messina Avenue.
H. G. RAINER, 8, Quex Road.
C. W. WARBURTON, 77, Kingsgate Road.
E. WILSON-RUSSELL, 27, Broomsleigh Street.

Harlesden.
H. C. BURGOYNE, 28, Lushington Road.
H. COGGS, 46, Burns Road.
F. DAWSON, 15, Bramston Road.
F. H. HALL, 20, Sellons Avenue.
H. HEATH, 1, Weymouth Terrace, Acton Lane.
H. J. HOPLEY, 92, Ruckledge Avenue.
A. W. PILGRIM, 38, Wells House Road.
W. PINER, 2, Redland Terrace, Acton Lane.
E. A. SHRIVES, 17, Spezia Road.
R. STANLEY, 95a, Drayton Road.
E. A. TACKLEY, 38, Wells House Road.

Harringay.
H. E. PRESS, 2, Chesterfield Gardens.

Hatcham.
F. BARTHELMAS, 121, New Cross Road.

Headen.
E. L. JENNINGS, 40, Stratford Road.
G. L. MURDIN, 51, Milton Road.

Herne Hill.
P. LANE, 18, Heron Road.
D. MARCHANT, 37, Gubyon Avenue.
G. WATTS, 27, Milton Road.

Highbury.
W. J. ANDREWS, 64, Aberdeen Road.
W. A. CARTER, 37, Herrick Road.
D. FEARN, 16, Hamilton Road.
J. B. GREY, 125, Calabria Road.
W. J. HAWKINS, 36, Mountgrove Road.
D. Mc. ALPIN, 138, Calabria Road.
A. J. SMITH, 13, Elfort Road.

Highgate.
W. J. BARNARD, 42, North Hill.
R. D. BROWN, 26, Langdon Park Road.
L. W. BURBRIDGE, 13, Stanhope Road.
S. CROFT, 48, Magdala Road.
H. E. RUSSELL, 7, St. John's Park.
J. THOM, 19, Cathcart Hill.
H. E. TOTTLE, 4, Station Parade, Archway Road.
W. WEALE, 47, Holmesdale Road.

Hither Green.
G. N. HOWAND, 123, Ardgowan Road.

Holland Park.
H. COGHILL, 16, Queensdale Road, Holland Park Avenue.
S. G. HEXHAM, 35, Clarendon Road.
R. C. PEPPRELL, 14, Queensdale Road, Horland Square.

Holloway.
F. W. AUGOOD, 29, Orpingley Road.
A. BURROWS, 366, Holloway Road.
B. A. HYDE, 144, Seven Sisters Road.
A. W. NUDD, 18, Miranda Road.
W. PADDON, 366, Holloway Road.
S. W. PHELPS, 11, Cathcart Hill, Junction Road.
E. PHILLIPSON, 12, Jackson Road.
B. POLAND, 63, St. John's Villas.
H. H. SAUNDERS, 1, Grafton Road, Seven Sisters Road.
T. SHRUBSOLL, 82, Holloway Road.
C. WALKER, 160, Junction Road.
I. M. WEBB, 13, Ringcroft Road.
A. W. WESTON, 124, Sussex Road.

Homerton.
T. C. PERRY, 2, Hassett Road.

Honor Oak Park.
J. E. AKAM, 66a, Garthorne Road.
E. J. SANSOME, 12, Agnew Road.

Hornsey.
A. BATSON, 11, Corbyn Street.
A. S. BLACK, 4, Uplands Road.
P. H. BLACK, 63, Hazelville Road.
R. W. S. COLQUHOUN, 17, Farrer Road.
L. W. ELLEN, 242, Wightman Road.
C. M. JACKSON, 39, Fairfax Road.
F. A. KEELY, 120, Western Park.
A. T. SCHAMONI, 30a, Alexandra Road.
S. SIMPSON, 22, Ravenstone Road.

Hornsey Rise.
T. G. COOK, 23, Corbyn Street.
W. E. DAVIES, 69, Duncombe Road.
R. E. KEED, 67, Hornsey Rise.
W. J. SIMPSON, 93, Corbyn Street.

Hornsey Vale.
D. GUNSTON, Mission House, Enfield Road.

Ilford.
F. C. CAREY, 64, Roman Road.
T. A. CHAD, 1, Willmott Terrace, Roden Street.
C. F. CHAPMAN, 153, Wanstead Park Road.
H. W. CHAPMAN, 153, Wanstead Park Road.
H. M. CHAPMAN, 4, Cleveland Road.
C. CLANIDYR, 154, Wellesley Road.
R. J. A. COLEMAN, 101, Wellesley Road.
A. R. COTTEE, 158, Grange Road.
F. DALVREY, 80, Cranbrook Road.
E. W. DAVIES, 43, Coventry Road.
S. DILLHERN, 51, Henley Road.
W. DILLHERN, 51, Henley Road.
S. A. DONALDSON, 11, Cowley Road.
W. H. DOSSETT, 28, Hamilton Road.
V. W. DURRANT, 16, Windsor Road.
S. T. DYER, 13, Windsor Road.
A. FASTER, 51, Henley Road.
S. E. LEE, 4, Royal Parade, Green Lane.
W. LEWIS, 65, Rutland Road.
R. H. LOUGHEED, 50, Chester Road, Seven Kings.
J. McIVOR, 48, Madras Road.
G. S. MACKENZIE, 46, Mayfair Avenue.
R. V. MARSHALL, 88, Albert Road.
G. L. NASH, 95, Grosvenor Road.
A. NUTTALL, 124, Cranbrook Road.
A. C. OUTRED, 95, Wanstead Park Road.
A. PARKER, Willow Walk.
S. PRYOR, 26, Bingal Road.
G. B. PUSEY, 12, Woodlands Road.
M. D. RICH, 419, High Road.
J. H. RUNACRES, 16, Brisbane Road.
E. ST. LEGER, 4, Florence Terrace, Sylvan Road.
E. A. SAVELL, 38, Windsor Road.
R. G. SCHENKER, 36, Park Road.
G. SIEBERT, Keynsham.
E. D. SIMPSON, 51, Northbrook Road.
D. TOWELL, Cranbrook Buildings.
M. WATTS, 54, Kingston Road.

(To be continued.)

5/- MONTHLY.

I'm the ONLY man in the world who sells all the best and well-known, high-grade **COVENTRY** cycles, at **Pounds below Makers' Prices.** Besides, I offer much longer credit, grant far easier payment terms and deliver the machine more promptly than anyone else. I have thousands of unsolicited letters of praise from delighted customers which overwhelmingly prove this. You can buy from me, brand new 1911 **HUMBER, ROVER, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, TRIUMPH, SWIFT, PROGRESS, PREMIER, QUADRANT, REMINGTON, CENTAUR,** and **SINGER** Cycles at **5/-** monthly. Deposit only has to be paid before the machine is dispatched on approval, and I give a 12 years' guarantee.

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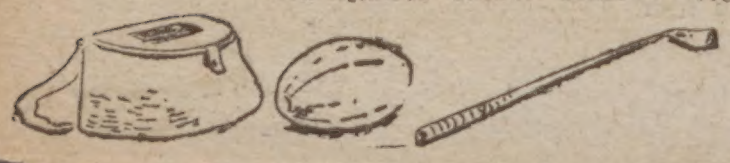

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

No more shabby suits. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly; modern men delighted; bottle 1s., post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Breeches Specialist (League Member) solicits patronage; "Garbircord" weather-resisting material; breeches, 21s. to 50s.; sporting jackets, 30s. to 50s.; coveralls, 35s. to 60s.—Box 4460, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bargain; Norfolk and vest, 15s.; tan boots (8's), 4s. 6d.; five woollen shirts, 7s. 6d.; sweater, 2s. 6d.; sou'-wester, 1s. 6d.; waterproof, 4s. 6d.; piccolo, 7s. 6d.; the lot 35s.—Box 4460, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Very fashionable grey cashmere reefer suit, never worn, West End tailor, 50s., bargain, height 5ft. 10in., chest 40in.—Box 4464, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentlemen's striped suit, fit slim man, 5ft. 7in., and new pair of boots, size sevens, only worn twice. £1 lot.—Box 4465, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Rain coat, grey, cost 60s., for 20s.—Box 4466, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Cricket Bats, as used by Yorkshire County Eleven, 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 18s. 6d.; money returned if not approved. Catalogue free.—Pickersgill, Dept. M., King's Arcade, Bradford.

Gent's eight-guinea two-speed Cycle, absolutely new; owner finds he cannot use; what offers?—Box 4462, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Full-size Bell Tent, pegs, mallet, storing-bags, complete; good condition; accept 28s.—Box 4463, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London E.C.

How to make money by following horses during flat racing season.—Address, only by correspondence (stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed), "Lilywhite," care of Mallinson, Advertising Agent, Shrewsbury.

Will exchange 6-foot billiard board, slate bed, all accessories, as new, for gentleman's cycle, Standard make, equal value.—Box 4467, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bagatelle board, 8ft. by 25in., on sliding mahogany stand, with adjustable feet, 9 balls, 2 cues, in excellent condition, £3.—Box 4468, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, several sets wooden dumb-bells.—Box 4469, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Set of 25s. boxing gloves, perfect, 10s. 6d.; punch ball, new, no hangers, 5s.; fencing mask, 2s. 6d.; single-stick mask, 3s.—Box 4470, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, dinghy; exchange fine 12-bore double-barrelled gun, bicycle, or cash.—Box 4471, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Set lawn bowls (8) and two jacks, thoroughly seasoned, splendid condition, cash 30s., cost double, or exchange to value; want prismatic binoculars.—Box 4472, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, nearly new mahogany dinghy, 12ft. to 14ft., complete, with gear.—Box 4473, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Gentleman's cycle, fitted B.S.A., 3-speed, Clipper tyres, Bowden brakes, quite new, never used, competition prize, lowest £4 15s.—Box 4474, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, gentleman's 3-speed Dursley-Pedersen roadster, suit 6ft. man, good condition, cheap.—Box 4475, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Kodak No. 3, ¼-plate, leather case, cost £4, equal to new, accept 30s.—Box 4478, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

¼-plate Junior Sanderson hand and stand camera, 2 double dark slides, film adapter, 36 envelopes, telescopic tripod, Iso screen, splendid condition, in leather case, cost over £7, accept £3 19s., or near offer.—Box 4479, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

EDUCATIONAL.

£500 a year is the income earned by some clerks. Only those who write a good hand can obtain a salary like this. Why should not you? To do this cheaply, join our new classes, by correspondence, at reduced fees for clerks only. Prospectus.—P. D. Pemberton, Mottram, near Manchester.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the World's Speed Championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

MEDICAL, &c.

Moustache grower free.—Pendun's moustache pomade forces one like magic, any age; week's full supply sent by return in plain wrappers free for 3d. stamps for postage, &c.—A. Pendun (Dept. D.), 597, Holloway Road, London, N.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

BUER'S PILE CURE gives instant relief in the worst cases and absolutely cures in a few days. 1s. 1½d., post free, **PLAIN WRAPPER,** or sample and full particulars, penny stamp.—Buer Mul-la Co., 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL &c.

Wanted, loan, £100, 10 per cent., repayable 4 years. No agents.—Box 4461, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pr vident bonds, two for sale, one £300, paid in £62; £400, paid in £65; can borrow immediately; offers for one or both.—Box 4480, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Transvaal exploring company, 150 shares at 1s. 3d.—Box 4481, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Twenty fully-paid 5s. Cinematograph Finance Corporation, cash £4 10s., bargain.—Box 4482, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"CORONATION."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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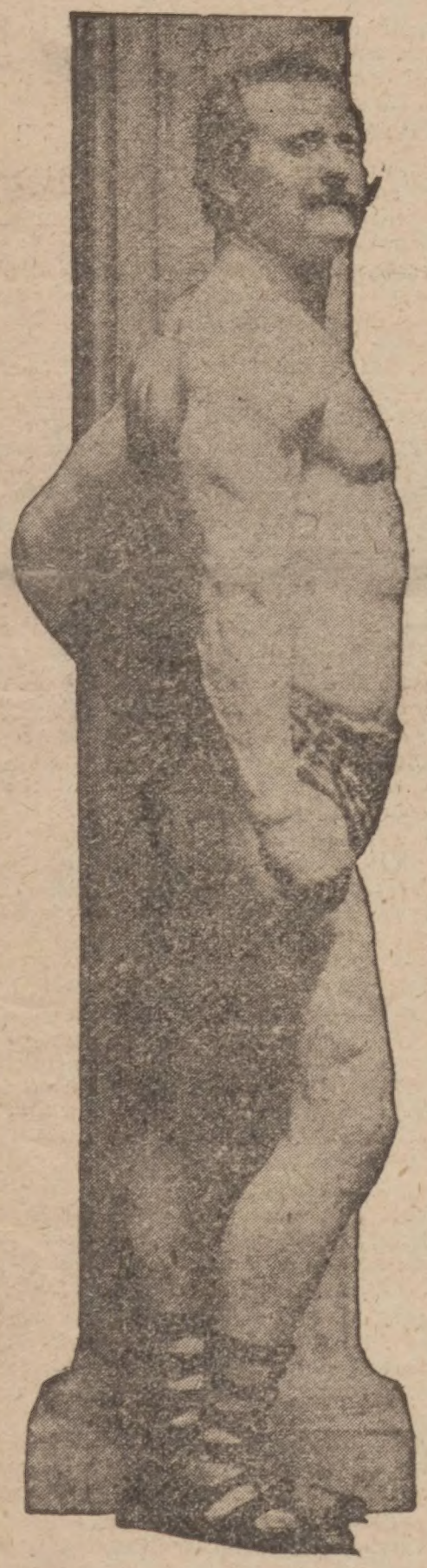

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